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Notice : The next Article in the Scotch Railway Series (on the Highland Railway) will be published next week, and articles on the Scotch and Irish railways will appear thenceforward fortnightly.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications ; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are glad to see that Lord Kimberley in the debate on the Address in the House of Lords took the view which we have often urged in these columns, that the time has come for Her Majesty's Government to unfold their policy in South Africa. Lord Salisbury's reply was in effect that the gate of the British Constitution stands open day and night for the Boers to enter when they please. There is no offer, the Prime Minister said, which we can make to the guerilla warriors to induce them to throw down their arms, except that we are ready to grant them the privileges of British colonists as soon as they prove themselves fit to receive them. The independence of the Transvaal cannot be restored ; and the longer the resistance is continued, the longer must be the interregnum of force between conquest and self-government. This is a disappointing and wholly unconvincing *non possumus*.

We think we have discovered the secret of the interest which Lord Rosebery excites in the public. He has an unerring nose for the subjects which happen to interest the public at the moment, and he talks about them whether the occasion fits or not. The only questions before the House of Lords on Thursday were, as Lord Kimberley said, the war in South Africa and the complications in China. But Lord Rosebery talked for an hour in an animated and witty way about neither of these subjects, which he knows are exhausted. His speech was an impassioned appeal to the gallery, not to the peers, and he will have his reward. We are not quite sure whether a nobleman who has been so closely connected with the Turf as Lord Rosebery is an ideal apostle of purity, but let that pass. He talked about the stale register, about electioneering placards, about the reconstruction of the

Cabinet (chaffing the Prime Minister on the Family party), about ministerial directorships, about the appointment of a stockbroker to the Under-Secretaryship of India. It was all very entertaining, and the purity of public life is an important subject, but what on earth had it to do with the business for which Parliament was assembled ? The Duke of Devonshire, who followed, stated that Lord Hardwicke would, on the assumption of his official duties in January, cease to be an active member of the firm with which he is now connected.

Parliament having been summoned for the sole purpose of voting additional supplies for the war, it might have been expected that a business assembly like the House of Commons would have confined itself to the present position and future prospect in South Africa. Instead of that, the greater part of the debate on Thursday consisted in barren and bitter recriminations about the General Election. Who cares twopence to-day whether the election was in October or November, whether the Bloemfontein letters ought to have been published, and whether Mr. Chamberlain called two-thirds of the Opposition traitors ? Ever since the beginning of party government in the seventeenth century "a patriot's all-atoning name" has been claimed as the exclusive badge of one side or the other. On the one important issue Mr. Arthur Balfour said very much the same as the Prime Minister in the other House. The question of peace is in the hands of the guerilla leaders, and Mr. Balfour says that he does not know any means of inducing them to stop fighting. Until they do so, the only policy of the Government is to prosecute hostilities (war they will not call it), "vigorously and humanely."

Unfortunately for Mr. Chaplin's dignity, a sense of humour is not one of his many good qualities. To be asked to give up one's place to another, who is deemed worthier, is one of the most unpleasant things that can happen to a man, be he a Cabinet Minister or a turncock. Most men keep it to themselves, and if asked about it pretend that the retirement was voluntary. Mr. Chaplin proclaims from the housetops, or, to be exact, in the columns of the "Times," the facts that he was called upon by Lord Salisbury to resign his office, in order to "create vacancies for others ;" that he was quite surprised by the request ; and that he had two minds to refuse it, as he was "urged to do in some quarters." We do not know who may have urged



Mr. Chaplin to refuse the Prime Minister's request for his resignation, but it is lucky for him that he did not take their advice, which would have forced the Prime Minister himself to resign. The conclusion of the letter is an anti-climax. For Mr. Chaplin, having told us that he was forcibly ejected from the Cabinet, and that he has refused a peerage, winds up rather flatly by declaring that he will still sit for Sleaford—on a back bench.

When Mr. Kruger left Paris on Sunday it occurred to him that he might as well look in on the German Emperor in Berlin; but he had not thought it necessary to make arrangements beforehand, and the consequence was that when Cologne was reached a Minister of the Emperor waited upon Mr. Kruger to inform him in reply to the telegram he had remembered to send on reaching the frontier, that "in consequence of arrangements which had already been made" his Majesty was not able to receive him. The primitive manners of the veldt applied as a diplomatic engine for forcing the hands of emperors is a very ingenious idea worthy of Mr. Kruger. It succeeded in Paris in obtaining a half-hearted submission from the government, but it was quite another thing in Germany. There was indeed a stale kind of repetition of popular demonstrations at Cologne; but Mr. Kruger for the first time in this affair showed sense by recognising the hopelessness of his position in Germany and determining at once to give up his visit to Berlin and make for Holland, where he is next to be expected.

Apart from this fiasco for which Mr. Kruger may probably thank the egregious Dr. Leyds, who has the audacity to assume airs of mystery as if what has happened rather favours than otherwise the object of the journey, there is universal agreement on the Continent that the very last shred of chance has gone. One thing Mr. Kruger may yet attempt; to put forward the Queen of Holland to act as mediator, and get France and Russia to do under cover of her skirts what they would neither of them do alone. His last words in Paris were that the war should not be ended by the laying down of arms but only by mediation. The "Vienna Journal of State and Political Economy" says a true thing in explaining the reason of the popular Boer demonstration. When one remembers, it remarks, that scholars and educated men have been guilty of such blunders, as for instance representing the despotic oligarchy of ancient Athens as a pure democracy, it is not very surprising that so much enthusiasm should be displayed in Western and Central Europe for what is described as the Boer war of liberty, and that the fall of a corrupt and cruel peasant oligarchy thoroughly opposed to progress should be regarded as a blow to freedom.

Lord Roberts on his journey South to Cape Colony was met at Ladysmith, Durban, Pietermaritzburg and Port Elizabeth by extremely affectionate and enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. On Friday he was to reach Cape Town where he will be the guest of Sir Alfred Milner. En route he has said many kindly and charming things but soldiers will especially cherish the glowing tribute not only to their valour and patriotism but to the kindness, humanity, forbearance and good behaviour towards their enemies. "Is it any wonder that I am intensely proud of the Army I have commanded or that I regard you my gallant and devoted comrades with affection as well as admiration?" No Englishman will hesitate to accept such a heart-pouring as this against what we were going to describe as the travesty, only the expression is too favourable, of the facts made by Mr. Kruger in his speech on leaving Paris where he spoke of outrages committed by British soldiers which Lord Roberts positively denied, but which Mr. Kruger professed the English commander had not prevented because he was powerless to restrain his soldiers. Speaking of his new duties Lord Roberts said the work that lies before him is to make the Army of the United Kingdom as perfect as it is possible for an army to be.

In spite of what Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller have said, Boer activity remains unabated.

De Wet has recently been the centre of interest, and at last we seem at any rate to get near him. After capturing 400 of our soldiers, he was closely pursued by General Knox, who on the 27th engaged his rear-guard on the De Wetsdorp-Smithfield road. Out-flanked after two hours' hard fighting, De Wet managed once more to retreat southwards. Subsequently, General Knox was reported to be in touch with him twelve miles north of Bethulie, and thus about twenty from the Cape Colony border. On 2 December they were again engaged all day near the Bethulie-Smithfield road. De Wet's object this time appears to have been to reach a drift on the Orange River. But once more headed off, he retreated north-eastwards. Two days later an almost similar fight occurred, the result of which was a Boer retreat northwards. Generals French, Settle, Stephenson and Clements also report operations; and General Paget—with whom General Lyttelton is co-operating—has had a week's fighting near Leeuwfontein with Commandants Viljoen and Erasmus.

A striking scene is being enacted at Worcester in Cape Colony by the Dutch sympathisers with their friends in the Transvaal and Orange colonies. For some time past the Rand leaders have been carefully preparing the ground for holding a great congress of Afrikaners for the purpose, to put it briefly, of helping Mr. Kruger in his European mission. Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer uttering prophecies which they intended to do their best to fulfil have been working up the excitement by the usual stories of outrages on women and children and wanton destruction of property of Boer sympathisers; and they were perfectly justified in declaring that they appeared to be rapidly drifting towards a state of things in which there might be unpleasant occurrences even in Cape Colony. It is not surprising that when they applied to the Government for special facilities for holding their Congress of 8,000 supporters the response was not favourable and that measures were taken to watch the proceedings by a force of armed men. Hence it comes about that round the town of Worcester fifteen hundred Canadians and Australians are encamped and ten guns are posted on the hills which command it. The Afrikaners appreciate now and do not like to be in the position of the Johannesburgers under Mr. Kruger's forts. They protest there is no fear of disturbance but it is much better not to leave this to their own discretion.

The Powers have agreed on the modified terms of their preliminary demand on China, leading up to negotiations. It is understood that they have come round to American views as to punishment which leaves it to the Chinese Government to inflict the severest in its power; and as to indemnity there is to be a formal admission of liability and details are to be left to be dealt with later. Punishment now means the greatest the Chinese Government feels it expedient to inflict. In regard to the indemnity there is a Russian proposal backed by America to submit the question to the Arbitration Court at The Hague. The terms thus arrived at by the Ministers await sanction by their Governments but the American Minister has already been authorised to sign them. American vanity regards these results as a triumph of diplomacy. In so far as diplomacy is synonymous with disingenuousness and dishonesty, it is a triumph of diplomacy. The joining hands of autocratic Russia and republican America has indefinitely postponed any Chinese settlement. Instead of a settlement, there will be a patching up.

Lord Salisbury's speech on Thursday shows that there is no reason to hope that our Government will have vigour enough to refuse to give its consent to leaving the whole matter in the hands of the Chinese Government to do what best suits itself. The malign influence of the States on the Chinese question is only another instance of the absurd craze the Government seems to have for making concessions in order to secure their friendliness, though by no chance does it ever seem to secure the least reciprocity. The latest example of this frigidity of America is the cold-blooded reference to the war in



South Africa. But it would be a mistake to lay all the blame of the Government's weakness in the later phases of the Chinese question on the shoulders of the Americans. Long before the Boxers movement and the affair of Peking, its acts foreshadowed ominously the dénouement of these events which marks the triumph of Li Hung Chang and the Empress' party. The Court is said to be about to return to Peking. When it does, it will return in triumph, and this result will be very largely due to the impotence of the English Government.

Mr. McKinley's Message to Congress is a very optimistic résumé of political events at home and abroad. It is quite colourless, and in this respect the Message is characteristic of the writer who sternly suppresses in himself all tendency to "views," if ever he feels any temptation to form any. He remarks on the war in South Africa, that the disputes over the British seizure of American goods in Delagoa Bay have not settled the question of a neutral's right to send goods, not contraband per se, to a neutral port adjacent to a belligerent area: on the Alaskan boundary dispute he intends to propose a convention for jointly determining the 141st meridian by telegraphic observations; and as to the Isthmian Canal he simply commends the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to the early attention of the Senate. In his statement of his policy as to China there is nothing to encourage the hope that American diplomacy will take a bolder tone; and he professes an irritating optimism as to the intentions of the Chinese Government. It is true his words are unexceptionable in respect of the reparation to be required but we have heard them all before. The words might do if the attitude were changed. The Americans are more inclined to run with the Chinese hare than to hunt with the Allies hounds, and unfortunately as the previous Note shows they and their friends the Russians have managed to stultify the Allies as well as themselves.

The annual report on the finances is a far more interesting document. It shows for 1900 a surplus of revenue over expenditure of nearly sixteen millions sterling, for 1901 about the same; and for 1902, with an estimated increased revenue of some six millions and an increased expenditure of about seventeen millions over 1901, the surplus is estimated at about five millions. The volume of foreign trade is the largest ever known, and there has been a marked development of trade with those countries and islands to which the great industrial and commercial nations are now turning their attention. In the paragraph relating to navigation it is stated that marine construction for the current fiscal year promises a greater addition to the merchant fleet than any since 1854 and 1855—which does not seem very remarkable progress: but the merchant shipping in carrying power, in value of materials and the wages involved in its construction is at the highest point ever known. All this increase however is in the coasting trade. Where foreign competition enters, the tonnage has decreased from 2,642,628 gross tons in 1861 to 826,694 gross tons in 1900 and is less than at any time during the past sixty years, American ships carrying only 9 per cent. of the imports and exports. By way of peroration it is said that the national greatness cannot be "rounded out" while this "degradance" exists, and yet political and commercial considerations now demand larger measures of strength and independence than ever. To carry "3 per cent. of the world's seaborne traffic" is certainly not a strong maritime position.

Since the "forward policy" on the Indian frontier found its furthest advance in the costly Tirah campaign of 1897 old methods show signs of revival. The troublesome Waziris, whose outbreak preluded the great rising at the Malakhand, have ever since maintained so aggressive and defiant an attitude that coercion in some fashion has become necessary. The old "close frontier policy" is again getting a trial in their case. Instead of occupation of territory or a punitive expedition, it has been resolved to try the once favourite expedient of a blockade. The recalcitrant Mahsud tribesmen have been cut off from all intercourse with the adjacent British districts on which they have to depend for their trade and much of their necessities.

With a hostile Amir ready to head them back on the other side they will be left to fight amongst themselves, until they accede to the British terms which include a heavy fine for various outrages and injuries. Quite a little army of regular troops and police is engaged in the operation. The proceedings are likely to be dull but the result will be of interest.

The new edict of the German Emperor on education, issued on the report of the Minister of Education, has not been received without a certain amount of intelligible criticism as to the wisdom of modernising the classical schools—the Gymnasien. It is very gratifying to Englishmen no doubt to hear that English may be in future taken as an alternative subject to Greek except in the three highest classes, but Germans remark that to study English instead of Greek is to lose the real advantage of attending a classical school. In view of this real objection the question whether French ought not to have been preferred is of very little importance. The main idea of the edict seems to be the levelling up or down of the Gymnasien and the other higher schools—the Realgymnasien and the Oberrealschule—of the commercial classes; but it is a sign of the times for which Germany's material development and aims have prepared us. If the reaction is not carried too far, its best excuse is the danger of education being made too literary and of turning out young men for whom there is no employment or who would be wretchedly paid and who might better serve their country and themselves in the more ordinary occupations of life.

The unanimous re-election of Lord Reay to the Chairmanship of the London School Board must not be taken to imply that he is in any sense an ideal, or even a really good Chairman, but simply that he was about the best man available. If he had not been chosen, it would have been some one or another much worse. Lord Reay has shown, at least on one occasion, a partisan bias and his annual statements have never disclosed any sagacity or knowledge of the principles of the subject with which he is supposed to deal. His idea of education is an array of statistics as to passes, school places, and attendances. Still Lord Reay is in a sense a public man, and he is a gentleman, and the School Board is not in a position to be thankless for small mercies. We must say we are very glad Mr. Lyulph Stanley was made Vice-Chairman in preference to Mr. Sharp; also to Mr. Barnes. We do not endorse Mr. Stanley's educational ideals, but he is one of the few men on the Board who can claim at any rate to be something. The Moderate speakers so put the case for their own candidates for the vice-chair as to make it extremely difficult for any who take an intelligent interest in elementary education to support them. Conceive a party preferring to put up Mr. Sharp or Mr. Barnes for office to a man of the capacity of Sir Charles Elliott!

The Conference of the Metropolitan Bishops representing such organisations as Oxford House and Toynbee Hall proceeded on the right lines in advocating the extension of clubs for boys and girls. It is to be feared that the terrible murder of the constable Thompson and the fresh batches of street outrages reported this week may produce measures of unreasoning severity against lads who require treatment not brutal nor yet sentimental but disciplinary and preventive. We referred last week to the increase of the police force, and after the murder above-mentioned that can no longer be postponed. But more than this and clubs are required; we agree with the Vicar of St. James', Amptill Square, that youths of over sixteen and under age who do not work ought to be subjected to compulsory military training and be taught to work and obey. These youths want saving from themselves, and society needs protection against them; and this can only be done by clearing our minds of the cant of liberty of the subject which may be objected against this and similar proposals.

What happened at Mr. Dickenson's dinner to the new Lord Mayors illustrates the necessity of settling what toasts are to be drunk standing. Hitherto it has

been the custom only to rise when the Queen's health is drunk; but when the Prince of Wales' health was drunk at the Hotel Cecil in his presence some of the audience rose, some remained seated, and others bobbed up and down in indecision. And when the Duke of Norfolk returned thanks for the Mayors, all the new Mayors thought it necessary to stand up, and as they were seated at tables running at right angles to the high table they prevented his Grace from either seeing or being seen by the audience. With great presence of mind the Duke politely but firmly requested his brother mayors to sit down in order that he might speak.

Having cleared away the bodies of these obstructive Mayors, the Duke of Norfolk proceeded to deliver what was unquestionably the speech of the evening, admirable in style and matter, but of course ruthlessly cut down by the newspapers to leave room for the laboured inanities of Lord Rosebery. The Prince of Wales is very happy in his public utterances, for he nearly always contrives to touch on the burning topics of the moment. On Monday His Royal Highness alluded to what are the two most important questions for London just now, the overcrowding in working-class dwellings and the traffic in the streets. On the subject of the housing of the poor the Prince speaks with the authority of a Commissioner, and his few pregnant and helpful remarks on this serious problem were in strong contrast to the buffoonery of Lord Rosebery, which was quite unworthy of the occasion. We suppose that a Progressive is a very amusable person and prefers jokes which he recognises at once. Nothing but the loyal laughter of his political henchmen saved Lord Rosebery from a fiasco, and if he has any regard for his reputation as an after-dinner speaker, he will not in future hazard the repetition of a joke within a period of at least six months.

If the "agricultural interest" does not make use of the beer-poisoning sensation to push its case for the production of beer brewed solely from malt and hops, it will lose one of the best chances it has had for many a year. We may certainly count before long on having the Bill again introduced in Parliament, with more chance of success, for securing the purity of that "regular and favourite beverage of our fellow-countrymen," as Sir Cuthbert Quilter pathetically puts it. There is now little doubt that it is beer with too great a body of arsenic in it that has caused all the mischief. That is the report alike from Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. The Manchester Brewers' Association appointed a commission of experts, and they trace the origin of the evil to sugars supplied by a Liverpool firm (Messrs. Bostock and Co., Limited). This agrees with accounts from Birmingham and Liverpool. Obviously it is for the interest of brewers to adopt all possible precautions, and they have acted promptly enough, to meet the agitation that is sure to be started against them.

The feature of the week on the Stock Exchange has been the strong tone in the American Railway Market. There have been fluctuations, of course, due to occasional taking of profits, but the losses of one day are generally the gains of the next. It is a mistake to regard the rise in American Rails as a "boom;" it is a steady lifting of values upon intrinsic merits, and due to the fact that the Americans themselves are investing in the ordinary stock of their railways. To talk of this as a faked-up movement, which will collapse this week or next, is childish. Eries, preferred and ordinary, and Denver, preferred and ordinary, have been the favourites. The South African Mining Market has naturally been quite stagnant, and considering the unsatisfactory news from the front it is surprising that it has not suffered more. Westralians have been featureless, with the exception of Lake Views, round which the battle of bulls and bears is still undecided. Home Rails have been in a depressed condition, which is not likely to mend till after next January, when the effect of lower dividends will no doubt be counterbalanced by the hopes of a good year in 1901. The certainty that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must come sooner or later to the City for more money keeps down all Government securities. Consols closed yesterday at 97  $\frac{1}{16}$ , ex-dividend.

#### THE HEGEMONY OF EUROPE.

IT is astonishing what an effect is produced in the world by a little common honesty and plain dealing. The German Emperor, having no intention of meddling in Mr. Kruger's bankruptcy, thought it best to say so simply. The effect has been electrical. At one stroke the German Emperor has made England grateful, France ridiculous, and Germany the leader of European diplomacy. It is childish to suppose that the Emperor has done this from a mere desire to oblige Great Britain: for friendly as we are happy to believe him to be towards this country, the Statesman-Sovereign rightly and invariably places the interests of Germany before every other consideration. The Emperor refused to receive Mr. Kruger at Berlin, because he knows that Germany can do nothing for Mr. Kruger without sacrificing interests which are of immeasurably greater value to Germany than the preservation of Krugerism. Germany has concluded an agreement with Great Britain with regard to the Chinese policy of the two countries, which is said by some to be more advantageous to Germany than to Great Britain. We need not discuss that point, as we only wish to emphasise the fact that the execution of the agreement is very important to Germany's "Welt-politik." In short, Germany has need of the friendly co-operation of Great Britain in the Far East, and weighed against that consideration the fate of Mr. Kruger and his satellites flies up and kicks the beam. It requires a great deal less intelligence than the German Emperor possesses to see all this; but in politics, especially in Continental politics, the hand-maids of intelligence are not always simplicity and courage. A great statesman, who happens to be an almost autocratic sovereign, has fluttered the diplomatic dovescots of Europe by refusing to join in their chorus of cant, and by honestly declining to raise hopes which he had no intention of satisfying. As we said, the effect has been prodigious. Europe is saying of William what his ancestor Frederick said of Chatham, "At last I have found a man!" The chorus of cant about the brave Boer is rapidly subsiding into a whisper, and even that prince of bluffers, Dr. Leyds, is temporarily silenced. If ever there was any doubt about the hegemony of Europe, it is settled now. Germany leads the Continental Powers, and Fashoda did not strike a deadlier blow at the reputation and pretensions of France than the folly of the Kruger reception. And yet it was not pure folly either, for the French were not entirely their own masters, if a writer in the "Times," who signs himself "Behind the Scenes," is to be believed. According to this authority, who seems to be some sort of political spy, Dr. Leyds and M. Delcassé were in close confabulation during the months of September and October 1899. On the fateful 8 October of that year a cable was despatched at 11.40 A.M. from Paris by Dr. Leyds in the French Government's cipher to M. Aubert, the French Consul-General at Pretoria, by whom it was handed to Mr. Reitz. The contents of that message were, (still quoting from "Behind the Scenes"), that "M. Delcassé considered further delay in the presentation of the ultimatum would be a fatal blunder, and that the Transvaal could count upon the moral and material assistance of France." If such a message really were sent, we may be sure that Dr. Leyds kept a copy, and we can therefore understand that the meeting of Mr. Kruger and M. Delcassé at the Quai d'Orsay was almost as awkward as that of Dido and Æneas in the Elysian fields. It is true that M. Delcassé did lend Dr. Leyds his cable and cipher, and did introduce him to the late Colonel Villebois-Mareuil. But Dr. Leyds has explained to M. Delcassé, so writes the correspondent in the "Times," that the Boers in their simplicity interpreted the "moral and material assistance" of France to mean a great deal more than the loan of a cipher and a baker's dozen of volunteers. Unless this is a romance, considerable allowance must be made for President Loubet and M. Delcassé in their recent ceremonial antics around the Hôtel Scribe. Blackmail in the slang of the boulevards is called "*chantage*," and the victim who pays is called "*la tante*." M. Delcassé, it would appear, is the aunt of Dr. Leyds.



Compassion for the French Government is modified by the reflection that nothing but its feverish desire to injure Great Britain has placed France in a false position, and nothing but its cowardice has refused the means of escape. If the French Government had not been afraid of the press, which Dr. Leyds keeps sweet, and the mob in the streets, it could easily have arranged with the Government of the Netherlands that Mr. Kruger should have been taken to The Hague instead of landing at Marseilles. As things have gone in the Transvaal, it must have been obvious to M. Delcassé that he would have to drop Dr. Leyds, and repudiate former indiscretions. Yet he lacked the courage to do so, and by his weakness he has afforded the German Emperor an opportunity such as one Power seldom offers to another.

We congratulate His Imperial Majesty upon having profited by the feebleness of France to place Germany in a more commanding position than she has ever enjoyed before. No step taken in recent times has more profoundly impressed the world, and will exercise a greater influence upon the politics of the future. This sounds like exaggerated language to apply to what was apparently a simple decision to do the obvious. But great things are always simple, and true things are generally obvious, after they are stated. The reason why we attach so much importance to the conduct of the German Emperor is that it proclaims the fact that Great Britain and Germany are necessary to one another in the immediate future. We may be sure that if Germany could have taken up Kruger's cause without injury to German interests, it would have been done. For we are under no illusion as to the feelings of the German people towards this country. We are not, like Mr. Chamberlain, indifferent to the good opinion of our neighbours; and we cannot therefore stifle our regret that the German masses should so cordially dislike the British. But the estrangement of the two peoples only brings out in stronger relief the approximation of their two Governments, and proves the necessity of it. Whether the newspapers and the man in the street like it or not, England and Germany have got to work together in the interests of each. Cannot two nations, whom the irresistible force of events has joined politically, be brought to live together in social amity and mutual respect? Is it possible that a nation, whose upper class is so cultured, whose middle and lower classes are so honest and orderly and laborious, whose soldiers are so brave, and whose literary and scientific men are so thorough in their methods, cannot be induced to see something in the not dissimilar and at least not altogether insignificant qualities of the British race? If there is one man who is capable of bringing about a better understanding between the two peoples, it is the German Emperor. The Kaiser is of course far too great a man ever to have shared the vulgar jealousy of England which is the only possible explanation of German dislike. It is often said that the German Emperor's Anglophile policy is of recent growth, and that his refusal to receive Mr. Kruger is inconsistent with the celebrated telegram of congratulation after the Jameson raid. This is to do the Kaiser an injustice. The Emperor congratulated Mr. Kruger upon having successfully resisted a raid made by a band of Hooligans, and it never occurred to him to confound the British nation with a handful of pirates. The Emperor was intensely astonished when he found that the British public made the cause of the Hooligans a national one and consequently resented as an insult what was meant as a harmless message from one householder to another. Putting aside the natural ties of affection, which have nothing to do with politics, the German Emperor's friendship for Great Britain as a corporate entity is of long standing, and springs from a deep-seated perception that the British have many of the winning qualities of the modern world, and that their interests do not clash, but coincide, with those of his own people. Cannot a sovereign, with his gifts and opportunities, and with so fine an appreciation of the character of two great nations, crown his career by effecting a reconciliation between them? But a popular monarch can do a great deal, and an honest press can help. As a nation we have given the Germans no pro-

vocation: and we are certain that it is the desire of all the better minds in this country to cultivate the most cordial relations with every section of the German people.

#### A DISINGENUOUS MESSAGE.

AN American President, in his second term, enjoys perhaps more unfettered opportunities for displaying the parts of a great ruler than fall to the lot of a representative of the people in any other democratically governed State. We say advisedly in his second term, for during the first four years of his office it is usually assumed, and not without reason, that he is occupied principally with the preparations necessary for securing the second. Mr. McKinley's admirers have never hesitated to avail themselves of this somewhat double-edged argument in order to explain or excuse the devious course pursued by their protégé up to November last. Now that he has obtained the object of his ambition and has become, not altogether perhaps in the Dantesque sense "crowned and mitred lord over himself," the world looked for the revelation of these great qualities which policy alone was supposed to have held in abeyance. As we have never believed that the President was a supreme master of dissimulation, but a mere bungler in that trade, we never expected that he would suddenly develop the strength of Sixtus V. to the despair of his own wirepullers. We candidly admit, however, that in his long and verbose epistle to Congress he has displayed an evasiveness and a deliberate determination to blink obvious facts, with which we were never quite prepared to credit him even in the days when they might have been supposed excusable on the ground of political tactics.

Generally the Message is pervaded by an air of cheery optimism that suggests only the point of view of a man seeing everything *couleur de rose* in the elation of an electioneering success. Except in its foreign policy it has few features demanding examination, while the style and language are by no means such as great State papers demand. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will hardly expect that we shall exhibit either surprise or regret that Mr. McKinley does not reciprocate the effusive congratulations of Lord Salisbury. While we are but coldly and technically recognised, France and Germany are made happy by appreciative reference. Even if this be not the result of general policy, but party calculation, it is a strange comment on the supposed good feeling between the two countries that their friendly relations should only be alluded to in connexion with a matter of international law.

There are two questions, however, dealt with in the Message which overshadow all others in importance, the Philippines and China. What is the line which is recommended as likely to pacify the unhappy Philippines? The President's policy is, briefly, to hand the whole matter over to Congress. Mr. McKinley has always shown himself a strong advocate for the devolution of authority, in fact we find it difficult to recall any occasion on which he has not hastened to shake himself free from the reproach of grasping at power. The Silver issue, Philippine questions, every matter in fact of first-rate importance is delegated to Congress. Mr. McKinley's political conscience is continuously in commission. He sits from one year's end to the other with his ear to the telephone at the further end of which is public opinion. A less ingenuous statement than that as to the situation in the Philippines was never issued by a political leader. "The American forces have successfully controlled the greater part of the Philippines, overcoming the organised forces of the insurgents and carrying order and administrative regularity to all quarters." The later reports of the Commission "show a yet more encouraging advance towards ensuring the benefits of liberty and good government to the Filipinos." "Our duty is so to treat the Filipinos that our flag may be no less beloved in the mountains of Luzon, and the fertile zones of Mindanao, and Negros than at home, and there, as here, it shall be the revered symbol of liberty, enlightenment, and progress in every avenue of development." This is a fine flourish "more McKinleyano," or shall we say Americano? and might sound well at the end of an electioneering speech but turgid bombast of this

sort, even when true, is deplorably out of place in an important State pronouncement. Unfortunately it has a further demerit, which is more serious even in the United States, of not containing even a shred or tittle of truth. The whole story of the last two years gives it the lie. The latest and most impartial observer of Philippine affairs, Mr. Sawyer, tells us that the American forces in Manila have been allowed by their late commander "to inaugurate amongst a strictly temperate people a mad saturnalia of drunkenness that has scarcely a parallel." In Viscayas, owing to the tactics of the American authorities "a hideous orgy of murder, plunder and slave-raiding has prevailed, and especially in the ["fertile zones" of] Mindanao." Views may differ as to whose fault it was that fighting began originally in February 1899, but it is certain that it was General Otis who refused an armistice to Aguinaldo and declared that "fighting must go on." Nor need we go to foreign observers to learn the truth. General McArthur a short time ago informed the American Government that the islands are practically "a unit against them" and he scouts the idea that fear is a motive "sufficient to account for the united and apparently spontaneous action of several millions of people." After this testimony it is unnecessary to pursue more widely the consideration of the President's rhetoric. Its sharpest comment is supplied by the practical recommendation with which he concludes viz. that a standing army of 60,000 men is required with power reserved to the President to increase it to 100,000.

We turn lastly to the consideration of the question which interests this country and Europe more particularly, that is the solution of the Chinese problem. We do not often find ourselves at one with the New York correspondent of the "Times" but we do not hesitate to adopt his view of Mr. McKinley's conduct in this matter rather than that of his journal. As he truly enough points out, "no hint of a new or firmer policy is discoverable." The only suggestion we are favoured with as to Chinese compensation is "increased guarantees." No one slightly acquainted with Chinese methods, doubts that these "guarantees" can be obtained to any extent, and without friction. The really important point is what attitude does Mr. McKinley adopt with regard to the punishment of the guilty officials? This, unfortunately for him, is not a matter which can be referred to the decision of Congress, so the President turns to his second refuge, obscure and involved verbiage, and we are told that "full expiation becomes imperative within the rational limits of retributive justice." This ingenious phrase has the distinctive merit of begging the whole question because the moot point has been and remains as to where "rational limits" are to be drawn. It helps us in no way to reconcile the American position with that of the other Powers who have most to gain from a pacified China. The policy advocated by the SATURDAY REVIEW is too well known to our readers to need repetition. Any weakening on the part of the Powers will have disastrous results, especially in the South, for it will seal the doom of the friendly Viceroy who have favoured foreigners at the risk of their own heads. The President's Message, unfortunately, confirms the impression we had formed last week that the "sophistries of Wu Ting-Fang" had produced an effect on American policy. It coincides, however, but too well with its whole trend which is to leave other nations to do the work by which the United States will benefit. This may be entirely coincident with American views of good business, but it is not in accordance with the more far-seeing counsels of Captain Mahan, who holds that "we should be ashamed to receive more support than we give in proportion to our means and opportunities," and on the general question that for surety "nothing" in China "equals condign punishment for the past."

#### THE STATE OF THE TURF.

WE take our pleasures angrily, one has been inclined to say, as morning after morning one or other of the familiar names of the racing world met us in the "Times" as the assailant and frequently

the violent assailant, either of his own particular friends on the Turf or of his favourite sport itself. Even the ecclesiastical belligerents, who have for many months made the morning paper hideous with the din of the Church crisis, have not been able entirely to drown the clamour of the Jockey Club. Lord Durham hits out right and left. Mr. Lowther stands up to him fiercely, if not quite fairly. Mr. Leopold Rothschild cannot keep out of the row: and trainers and all the other personnel of the Turf, down, we believe, even to the jockeys, join in. What is all the pother about? the quiet man, who has no objection in the world to racing, so that he is not compelled to join the ring and suffer its babel of noises, is driven to ask. Cannot these gentlemen settle their bets and their theories of riding amongst themselves? But the persistency of the clamour begins to show him that there is something more in it this time than just the loud talking and high voices incidental to most contests which mean money. And as he reads Lord Durham's candid and explicit charges, he sees that the noise is really not about nothing, and that the points raised do in a sense touch more than the racing man and the racing lady proper; for they go to the honour and the morality of the whole institution of the turf. And that which affects the status of the national sport no patriotic Englishman can regard as wholly aloof from himself. He will not be much concerned in the mutual courtesies and recriminations of the various "patrons of the Turf." Whether Lord Durham has done more for reform than any other steward of the Jockey Club, or whether he has done less than Mr. Lowther, is matter of quite subsidiary importance, except to the parties themselves, and he passes on in the hope of discovering the seeds of discord. He is not very much surprised to find that the malign bacillus, which has made its entry into our racing system, hails from America. Instead he contemplates the modern history of our language, our press, our society, and thinks he has the whole case in a nutshell.

Tod Sloan is rapidly becoming an historic figure: perhaps, on an august and historically a racing analogy, he too will have his statue; and he should stand outside the Jockey Club as the great destroyer of the Turf. Unfortunately lying flat on a horse is hardly so good a pose as standing on a lion. Still it would have an air of novelty; and there would be a Sloan oration, and there is at least one great orator and patron of the Turf (who engaged as private trainer and jockey Charles Wood who a few years since was warned off the Turf), whom political and party irresponsibility leaves free and ready for the occasion. However, we are a little previous. The Jockey Club's decision has effaced Sloan at the moment; and his hour is not yet. American jockeys have not destroyed the Turf; but it is a serious question whether they are injuring it. From the racing point of view pure and simple, we cannot admit that they are. American methods of training jockeys are good; they are taught to ride to time; they force the pace from the start; and by keeping as low and throwing their weight as far forward as possible, they do not obstruct their horse by acting as a wind-skid, which the upright position does inevitably. Admittedly they are not good horsemen, but that is a different thing from being good race riders; and is not necessary to it. Also it is said that the American posture prevents the jockey from so squeezing his horse as to hinder the action of the heart and lungs and thus making a "cur" of him. George Fordham, who was an ideal jockey, believed in the methods now adopted across the Atlantic. And it must be confessed that results show strongly in the Americans' favour. This year Sloan and L. Reiff have won better than one in four rides! On the other side, it is said that the low posture prevents the jockey having any real purchase over his horse with the result that he cannot prevent his swerving to the detriment of fair racing.

But the gravamen of the charge against the American jockeys is not, to speak candidly, their style of riding, it is their racing morality. That may sound a quaint collocation of words, but it aptly expresses what we mean. It is freely and persistently suggested that they do not ride straight; that they swerve intentionally with the object of fouling a pressing challenger; that they ride recklessly and dangerously



scoring in fact much in the sharp and unfair way in which Antilochus got a place in the chariot race in the games of Achilles. Seeing that Sloan has been suspended twice this season and has now been told by the Stewards of the Jockey Club that he need not again apply for a licence to ride and that Reiff, in spite of Thursday's decision, has not altogether a clean record, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there is a serious case on these grounds against the American jockeys. But we fear that they are but a concrete and conspicuous instance of a widespread malady; and we know that this is the general view of sportsmen as against the hangers-on of the Turf. The unsatisfactory feature of the situation is that the present method of detecting and dealing with these malpractisers has broken down. Whatever the causes, the Jockey Club does not meet the requirements of good government on the Turf. To this aspect of the matter we shall return next week. In the meantime, other complaints are that jockeys are too few and not good and those that are good are ridiculously overpaid, petted, and pampered, so that they are almost impossible to get, and quite impossible to control when got. To the man in the street nothing can be more amazing than the incomes, counted in thousands, made by these boys and nothing more loathsome than the lionising which makes them all frogs of the fable; nor does their normal end belie the moral.

There is yet another and very well grounded lament, to which Mr. Lowther gave voice, when he recommended the exclusion of "undesirable persons" from racecourses: a counsel of perfection which would make racing a delightful and spacious recreation, indeed, to the small and exclusive aristocracy which would survive. There might be fewer titles and less money, but there would be more room and there would be real racing. We could very well spare the lord, or the lady, who spends his time in touting the scum of the racecourse and who informs us after the races are over that he did not back the favourite because he knew that he was not on the job and that his (the favourite's) jockey had his money on the eventual winner. Or does Mr. Lowther mean the M.P. who rushes down to a meeting on a Wednesday during the session in order to consult a low tout, who is in the swim and has "reliable information" as to the horse which is meant to win by the jockey ring? These are the gentlemen we should like to see in the witness-box with the laws of perjury hanging over them. Does Mr. Lowther mean the wealthy men who use the racecourse inclosure as a means to obtaining social position? Or those other speculators who use the Turf simply as a sphere of gambling? None of these can be said to be an acquisition to the racing community. But there is one class that appears to us as that especially meant by Mr. Lowther. And that class consists of the speculators who live and associate with jockeys, who make gods of these imps and by feasting them on champagne and encouraging them to gamble all night, end by turning them into thieves all day. Some of them pass under the name of professional backers. All these certainly would be missed but they would not be lamented.

#### FRAUDULENT SOLICITORS.

THERE are still quite a number of solicitors who have not yet become bankrupt, or stood in the dock on the charge of misappropriating the funds of their clients. But every day the number is becoming less, as cases accumulate against those whose frauds have been discovered. Within the past week there have been two or three new charges; we know of several now pending; and there has been a long series, some of which have become dim in the public memory; while others, such as those with which the names of Arnold, Sismey, and Lake are associated, are still occupying the courts of bankruptcy and the criminal tribunals. Much petty rascality, small swindling, and mean professional misconduct goes on amongst many solicitors, whose opportunities of doing harm are much more eagerly embraced than their means of doing good. That is no new thing, and the gibe of Dr. Johnson has not yet lost its point: "I do not wish to speak evil of any man behind his back, but the gentleman who has just gone

out is an attorney." Unfortunately since then there has not only been a progressive increase of their social status, and of their professional privileges and powers, but it appears as though, correlative with these, the frauds in the profession have been on a larger scale; and, to strengthen the irony of this phenomenon, at this moment a number of the most serious charges that have yet been before the Courts are being made against Mr. Benjamin Green Lake, who for some years was the chairman of what the Incorporated Law Society calls its Discipline Committee, which in some respects may be said to be so named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Thus an outside layman might suppose that the Society would have refused to grant certificates entitling-to-practise to those solicitors who had become bankrupt, and had been refused their discharge. An ordinary tradesman in such a position is incapable of contracting debts, and commits an offence if he does so without disclosing his position as an undischarged bankrupt. But in the case of a solicitor he might resume his practice of being a banker of other people's money, with which he might finance rotten building schemes, or speculate in shares in shady companies of which he was promoter or solicitor. It is only recently, after the outcries that went up over the astonishing revelations of solicitors' defalcations, that the Society discovered that it had powers of which it alleged it had not been previously aware. Moreover, now, both the Society and the profession, as represented at the annual meeting of the Society this year at Weymouth, are in favour of an alteration of the law of larceny which shall make the misappropriation of their clients' money equal to the offence of embezzlement, which now it is not, unless the money is dealt with otherwise than the solicitor was directed to deal with it expressly in writing; which is only done in comparatively few cases, either because the client does not know exactly what he wants the solicitor to do with the money, or is ignorant of a fact of which the solicitor does not advise him. But it was long before the profession reached the point of desiring an alteration of the law. When they did, it was under the stress of recent circumstances, and the alarm of the public whose confidence had received so severe a shock.

It seems to us that scandals have grown in the lower branch of the legal profession in proportion to the powers and privileges that solicitors have acquired in recent years. It is well known that the Bar has, by a constant process, been losing its ancient pre-eminence through the encroachment of solicitors upon the class of work which used to be done exclusively by the Bar; while on the other hand the Bar has acquired no corresponding right to perform the work of solicitors. At the same time, the principle that solicitors are officers of the Court has been relaxed in its application, by the Court giving up its powers of preliminary inquiry into alleged malpractices, and handing them over to the Law Society for investigation and report. Of course we are aware that solicitors say that if the complainant is dissatisfied, he has still the right of complaining to the Court direct, or of instituting an action against the solicitor; but the answer to this may be made in the old retort to the remark that such and such a course of action was open to a man. "Yes; and so is the London Tavern." It may be admitted that many complaints of professional misconduct are vexatious; but many are not; and we do not consider that a purely professional committee is the best judge of cases that do require investigation. It is severe enough if it has to judge of an encroachment upon its privileges, but it will not err on the side of severity if it is a case of profession against public. The truth of this observation seems proved by the history of the Law Society's Committee during recent years. Their proceedings are wrapped up in too much secrecy. Even when they report that a solicitor's conduct should be brought before the Court, the solicitor is screened, as no other person is screened in our Courts, by the suppression of his name until the finding of the Court against him. If the fear of publicity is in any degree a preventive influence, and most men would agree, either from professional knowledge or private feeling, that it acts powerfully in all other cases, why should it not have

its due force in the case of solicitors? The more one inquires into the causes of the defalcations of solicitors, the more difficult it seems to apply legal restraints. Readers of papers at the Incorporated Law Society's meetings may offer columns of very salutary advice against speculations that have nothing to do with solicitors' business proper, against mixing up their clients' money with their own, and in favour of an accurate system of keeping accounts; but the difficulty lies in compelling the advice to be taken. The greater the difficulty of applying legal restraints, the stronger is the argument for making use of every moral restraint that is available.

Something more might indeed be tried in that direction. Suppose solicitors were prohibited from financing builders, from promoting companies, and even from engaging in such risky enterprises as sinking large sums of money in searching for coal in Kent, under pain of being judged guilty of professional misconduct. We are sure that in principle the prohibition would be sound, on account of the peculiar pecuniary relations in which they stand towards their clients. Clients are positively solicitor-ridden, and they have given themselves over body and soul into their hands. Solicitors have come to transact much business, and undertake investments for them which in earlier days would have been done by brokers or bankers. Solicitors as trustees and investors of other people's money have broken down, but they are powerful enough to keep business in their hands, and they have their clients at their mercy. There is a Public Trustee Act in existence; the solicitors fought hard for, and succeeded in obtaining, a provision that they might be appointed by testators to act in that capacity; but in how many instances have they advised their clients to avail themselves of the Act? To contend against all this immense influence is extremely difficult, but the catalogue of acts of professional misconduct ought to be added to, and the veil of silence which covers the investigations of those at present acknowledged ought to be removed. We may give credit to some solicitors, who have lately proposed that it shall be recognised as professional misconduct if a solicitor does not comply with a notice from a client to furnish proper accounts within a certain time: and that application should be made direct to the Court for his suspension from practice until accounts are furnished. This we may hope is an indication that there are solicitors who object to the system of mystery, and also to the locus standi of the Law Society in these matters. To conclude; for the future we must reverse the tendency, that has been so long conspicuous, to increase the powers of the solicitors' branch of the profession; and when they dislike any legislation that is proposed, we must take their dislike as the best evidence that it is precisely the kind of legislation that is required in the public interest.

#### THE CONFERENCE ON THE EUCHARIST.

THE present ceremonial system of the Church of England is a congregationalist blend of autocracy tempered by parson-baiting. The only remedy, the restoration to the Church of some measure of autonomy, though formally brought before the Conference by Canon Gore, was opposed by one or two members jealous for the honour of the self-contradictory tangle of Privy Council law. Lord Halifax' eirenicon proposing the alternative use of the Book of 1549 and the dissolution of the English Church Union—a consummation, if balanced by the suppression of the Church Association, much to be desired—was mooted but not discussed. Still, there was shown a disposition to admit that the vestments of the earlier Book are prescribed by the Ornaments Rubric. Plainly, however, it was useless to confer about ritual until the doctrine of the Eucharist had been elucidated. Here is the difficulty. Existing schools of thought are not simply the natural outcome of legitimate variation in temperament and speculation, but are due to historic accidents. Opposed faiths were penned up in the same fold by successive Acts of Uniformity. There was next to nothing in common between the Marian exiles returning from Geneva or Zürich and the reformed Catholicism which

had been the ideal of Henry and Elizabeth; between Presbyterians in episcopal orders like Tillotson, Burnet, or Hoadly and the great Anglican tradition from Ken to Keble. Divergencies of doctrine, however, are comparatively innocuous until embodied in outward rites. Theoretically these are regulated by ecclesiastical law. But Whig rulers of the Church have allowed the only tribunals which had a hold on the consciences of Churchmen to be abolished. In the abeyance of law and suicide of spiritual authority, "unhappy divisions" degenerate into anarchy.

It was hardly to be expected then that a three days' conference, however scholarly and conciliatory in tone, should produce unanimity; but that need not, as it did not, prevent useful results being attained. At this Conference the thoroughgoing Liberal view, which reduces the sacred mysteries to a mere *agape*, was not represented, nor yet the doctrine of a physical transubstantiation of the elements, nor yet again the teaching of Zwinglius and the sacramentaries which makes the Lord's Supper a *nuda commemoratio*, merely a badge or token of profession, merely a pious thinking about a past Death and an absent Christ. Though emphatically condemned by the Church's formularies, this third view has been largely that of popular British Protestantism. The Conference reaffirmed the Christian belief in "a Divine Change" as regards the elements, and in a real "Communicatio Corporis et Sanguinis Christi." But for the hypercriticism of Dr. Barlow, almost legal in the caution of its precision, the Conference would have unanimously adopted the elaborate statement of Hooker beginning "It is on all sides plainly confessed, that this Sacrament is a true and real participation of Christ, Who thereby imparteth Himself &c." In any case the question must be faced whether the Presence, which all acknowledge in Holy Communion, remains, as Canon Newbolt affirms, "extra usum Sacramenti." We may think that question, like the one put to Anne Askew, ought not to be asked. Nevertheless, after and apart from Communion, the rubric orders the "reverent" handling of "what remaineth of the consecrated Elements," the "covering of the same with a fair linen cloth," and that the priest and other communicants shall "after the Blessing reverently eat and drink the same." The appalling Bordesley outrage has been but lately repeated and gloried in by Mr. Fillingham, as well as by lesser champions of sacrilege. Again, water in Baptism is "sanctified to mystical washing," and by the invocation of the Holy Spirit suffers a "change of use"—"effectual use" added Mr. Dimock, when asked why he deemed "the omnipotency of Christ's Word" requisite for such a change. Yet beyond its use in the Sacrament the consecrated element of water is not, as Dr. Moule allows the outward part of the Eucharist should be, "revered with a profound sense of its sacredness." In a word, while Baptism has only an "inward grace," *virtus sacramenti*, the Eucharist has also an "inward part or *res significata*," which is *Res Sacramenti*. In Cranmer's words, "To the natural substance of the bread by God's word there is added another high property, nature and condition, far passing the nature and condition of common bread;" and again: "I say (as all the holy fathers and martyrs used to say) that we receive Christ's own very natural Body, but not naturally nor corporally." That the Church of England does not regard consecration as merely the "setting apart to a high and holy purpose" may be seen by the prayer used in the Order of Coronation of a King—at the moment the elements are first placed upon the altar: the word "altar" is freely used in that great service.

The relation of the Divine Gift to "the gifts," whether there is "identification" or only "equivalence," or, in Dr. Wace's phrase, a "symbolical identification," is closely connected with the larger question, which was earnestly debated, whether the recipient partakes of the crucified Body and only consequentially of the Glorified Person, or whether, as the High-churchmen contended, there is a direct union with the ascended and glorified Humanity. Canon Armitage Robinson reinforced the latter view by S. Paul's identification of "one Bread, one Body" with the living Church. Terms such as "figure," "type" and "symbol" were not seldom used in the patristic age. But Harnack



remarks that in those days "symbol denoted a thing which, in some kind of way, really is what it signifies." Canon Gore's formula from S. Irenæus, however—"Eucharist made up of two realities, an earthly and a heavenly"—was demurred to by the chairman. Mr. Dimock went so far as to imply that the doctrine of "the Real Presence in or under the form of bread and wine" is so deliberately excluded from the Prayer Book as to be incompatible with ministerial loyalty; and this led to the only expression of warmth in an eminently calm and devotional debate, being "profoundly resented" by Canon Gore, and repudiated by speaker after speaker. Canon Robinson quoted the following striking statement of the present Lord Primate in his 1898 charge:—

"This was the question raised by the case of Mr. Bennett of Frome. He had asserted 'the real and actual presence of our Lord under the form of bread and wine upon the altars of our churches.' He had said of himself, 'Who myself adore, and teach the people to adore, Christ present in the Sacrament under the form of bread and wine, believing that under their veil is the sacred body and blood of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' This doctrine, so expressed, the Privy Council refused to condemn. Though it be not explicitly taught in our formularies, there is nothing in those formularies which explicitly forbids a man to hold or to teach it. . . . It is important that it should be clearly understood that it is not unlawful to hold it and to teach it within the Church of England." It was also of hopeful augury for future peace that Dr. Wace quoted the learned Field's assertion that the canon of the Mass, as distinguished from Tridentine glosses, doth "differ little or nothing from our liturgy."

The result of the Report,\* impartially edited by Dr. Wace, must be to stimulate study, and it is only through Christian study that progress can be made towards agreement. Men will gradually become ashamed of crude catchwords and angry ignorance. We commend this Report more especially to curates and to members of Parliament. We commend it to those of the public who think it well that highly technical doctrinal formularies should be authoritatively interpreted by secular lawyers untrained in, and ignorantly prejudiced against, theological science.

#### THE PEACE OF PARIS.

HAD Mr. Kruger's sojourn at the Hôtel Scribe provoked veritable enthusiasm on the boulevards, we should have been reminded of old and amazing days. In the beginning, the prospect was promising—there, as before, stood rows of policemen, upright and impenetrable; there, also, were the "quarante sous," hirelings of MM. Drumont and Rochefort, ready for a brawl; there, but not so numerous, waited mounted members of the Garde Républicaine. "Faites le tour," order the policemen. "No one may go by." (Months ago they issued the same command; declared that not even the "bon Dieu" himself would be allowed to pass.) "Vive Kruger!" cried the "quarante sous." (Months ago their voices rose in the same manner: were hoarse.) Above the crowd, here and there, shone the helmet of a stalwart guard. (Months ago the helmets were also polished, equally visible.) And so, we, watching this spectacle, experienced old emotions: expected to be jostled, charged, and chased down the boulevards, round corners, into side streets; expected to become breathless and dishevelled eventually—so prostrated as to lean for support against a wall; expected to encounter the crowd (followed by the police) again in full flight; expected to be jostled once more, and made to run, run, run, panting and agitated, yet innocent of all evil, for our life. Still, we did not shrink from a revival of these indignities. At once exhilarating and intoxicating, they somewhat resembled an old and honourable sport: "The Chase." The cries were as stirring as the notes of a horn. You pushed on. You bounded. You leapt. You sought quick cuts. You were as agile if not as swift as a horse. So, like seasoned and insatiable sportsmen, we hurried to the "meet" now held about

the Hôtel Scribe; and waited for the opening of the chase; and expected an exciting start and a close finish—yet were disappointed. Cowardice had overtaken the "quarante sous;" they only cried "Vive Kruger!" "Vive le Transvaal!" Even when "l'Oncle" appeared on the balcony of his hotel, the crowd refrained from indulging in a forbidden demonstration. It was always and only "Vive Kruger!" and "Vive les Boères!" It was invariably a "correct" enthusiasm. It was a question of cheering a "vieillard" who had flattered France by asking for sympathy; and who responded willingly and melodramatically enough by making many a "grand geste." It was stupid; it was dull. It was too much Kruger; it was a case—not of becoming emotional, exhilarated, intoxicated—but of becoming Kruger-sick. Parisians joked that Mr. Chamberlain should have been present: for then he would not have been able to escape hearing the ex-President's name and seeing his face. He would have been haunted by his "victim." He would have been compelled to observe him in his carriage and on his balcony; on thousands of picture postcards and photographs—full face, side face, upright, seated, alone, surrounded; on pins, on medals, on brooches, again on the covers of the Kruger Hymn and the Transvaal March. Cries from the crowd, camelots, and "quarante sous:" such was the disappointing demonstration. No one charged: and so no one ran. There was no Chase. Infinite monotony reigned throughout the proceedings; a great opportunity to revive old tumult was lost—and now, in Paris, we have peace.

So has the Exposition Universelle successfully performed its mission. It brought peace; and, unless some unforeseen catastrophe takes place, it will leave at least a truce. Its aim accomplished, it may vanish; and vanish it does, slowly but surely. It has passed out of the mind of the people also—for although they mourned its end at the moment, they have got over their grief, philosophically forgotten it, think only of the present. Within the grounds the tumult of *déménagement* prevails; without, there is order. And search as we may, looking hither and thither, we can find no indication of a coming battle. To us, the approaching calm will be a new experience. We have not enjoyed it hitherto; for three amazing years it has been our lot to see the streets exhilarated, our neighbours nervous. We have been living over a mine, even more dangerous than the unruly Métropolitan; on the verge of a volcano, almost another Vesuvius. We have witnessed the development of Nationalism and Antisemitism: the feuds and furies provoked by both. We have assisted at an openly attempted overthrow of the Third Republic; scented other conspiracies of the same character from first to last—passed, in fact, through a period even more critical than those which the Wilson and Panama affairs produced. And so we have never seen the Parisian of the boulevards, of the Latin Quarter, or of Montmartre in a normal, unemotional condition; and wonder how, after three years of "énervement," he will accept the approaching peace, and also whether the transition will gratify him. . . . To begin with, he will have to live without the Chase—take that stirring exercise elsewhere. It is doomed, dead for the time being; the Parisian will have to run (if run he must) and utter his cries (if cry he must) through lanes and across fields, to the amazement of good cows and the terror of timid sheep. Then, after a while, he will find that discussions over absinthe have lost their charm. He will have to play dominoes and picquet instead of denouncing "great perils" and "astounding infamies;" he will only be able to criticise local affairs—such as "Les Tramways Écraseurs" (monstrous things that maim and murder every day), or "Les Automobiles Assassins" (other causes of alarm, wounds, and death), or "Le Métropolitain Mystérieux" whose short career has already been remarkable for perpetual restorations, unaccountable irregularities, and other harrowing mishaps). Again, his soirée at a culvert will become tamer. Much of the lustre of the Hectic Hill will fade with the approach of calm—for chansonniers, without seditious subjects, are rarely entertaining; while their rivals in the Latin Quarter, together with the Jeunesse, must be bewildered over some confusing problem, some subtle proposition, in order to shine.

\* Report of a Conference held at Fulham Palace. Edited by Henry Wace. London: Longmans, 1900. 2s. 6d. net.

And the papers? The Parisian will awaken to the fact that M. Rochefort—once robbed of startling, topical themes—can only repeat himself, fling forth old epithets and exhausted epigrams. And his last refuge—the “cercle,” an apology for a club? Monotony will have settled upon the place; the Parisian will have less cause than ever to seek a duel on account of a political dispute, less chance of being considered redoubtable through sending forth seconds and flourishing (skilfully yet inefficaciously enough) his sword. Others will suffer; and even more severely. Pity, first of all, the camelots. For years they have gained sous by selling photographs of those most implicated in the Dreyfus Affair. When Jules Guérin occupied Fort Chabrol, they amassed francs by disposing of picture postcards of both. M. Déroulède was another profitable investment; Mr. Kruger—posed on brooches and pins as well as on photographs—brought in handsome sums . . . and now? Now the camelots will have no “hero” to parade; now they will be obliged to carry peculiar pencils and complicated pens—now they will be compelled to put up with peace. And M. Paul Déroulède, the exile himself? Far away in Saint Sébastien he will have to accept the situation. Accompanied by the faithful Marcel Habert—the other exile—he will find his favourite pastime, his only task, snatched from him. It is amazing; but it is true. It is sad; but it is inevitable. It is cruel; but it must be tolerated—M. Déroulède will have no cause to send telegraphic messages, saying, “Vive la France!” “Vive la Patrie!” “Vive le Drapeau!” And now, worst of all, most pathetic of cases—what of the “quarante sous”? who will pay them to create a brawl? Their livelihood will vanish. They will be stranded, unemployed. Well may they chant to-morrow, “We have no work to do.”

Even to-day the calm is noticeable. A few camelots still parade Kruger trophies; others sell illustrated souvenirs of the Exhibition—but both must realise that their golden days are gone. No one even glances at the Hôtel Scribe; there is not the shadow of a “quarante sous.” Aperitifs are sipped quietly; dominoes are played amiably; no one has yet attacked those three disgraces—“Les Tramways Ecraseurs,” “Les Automobiles Assassins,” “Le Métropolitain Mystérieux.” And we, wandering about peacefully and composedly, quite sure of not being jostled or made to run, come across further evidence of innocence and calm. In shop-windows gifts are exposed—gifts for Christmas and the New Year, tokens of respect, affection, love. And Parisians pause before these presents, and gaze at them—and resolve no doubt to buy them later on. Dolls stare at us, and we stare at them—and more than one “gosse” comes up to stare at them also. “Viens,” says the father after a while; but the “gosse”—*à* 5, in a great bonnet, with a fur boa, white woollen gloves—wears an adoring expression, would stop. “Viens,” continues the father, “tu l’auras plus tard;” and the “gosse”—still enraptured, hypnotised—trots off. Heaps of preserved fruits; boxes of chocolates; mounds of marrons glacés; piles of caramels fill another window. “For Christmas, for the New Year,” announce other shops. “For everybody,” announces a miscellaneous store. “À la France,” is the ambitious sign of a bazaar. Before them all, Parisians pause. Interested, they linger—amiable and at peace.

#### ENTHUSIASMS AND HUMAN CHANGE.

THE student of enthusiasms, who watches from year to year the new interests which develop themselves, and absorb various classes of his contemporaries, or looks back upon those which for decades, or even longer periods, have agitated the mind of the civilised world generally, may readily find, in the spectacle, food for cynical reflection. He will constantly see men mistaking, in all good faith, the humours, the tempers, the inflamed fancies of the moment, for the beginning of some great development of society or of human nature, which will ultimately transfigure the destinies of the whole human race. Vergil fancied that Augustus was bringing back the Age of Gold. The Early Christians lived with all their feelings intensified by yearly or even daily anticipation of the second coming of Christ. The English Puritans

looked forward to the reign of the Saints on Earth, and some epoch-making catastrophe which should plunge in the lake of brimstone all whose talents or manners gave grace or cheerfulness to existence. The French Revolutionists indulged in a similar dream, though in place of the Saints, they put the Goddess of Reason, and persuaded themselves that in the formula of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity the means were revealed to them of inaugurating an immediate and satisfactory millennium. Italy imagined that when once it was united and independent, it would be a new Garden of Eden—

“White with the dew and the rime

When the morning of God comes down;”

and now it is the most over-taxed, and one of the most discontented countries of Europe. The same wondrous tale was taken up by visionaries among the Socialists, who, under the influence of Karl Marx and his disciples, persuaded themselves that the capitalistic system would have sunk in ruins at least twenty years ago, and that a new economic régime would by this time have been established, under which everybody would be as rich as he wished to be, and nobody would be any richer than his neighbour. Comte imagined that the days of the Christian Church were numbered; and that all Paris would presently be a sort of Salvation Army, skipping and singing hymns to the glory of universal Humanity. And so in the same way innumerable other movements, different in shape and detail, but similar in their emotional character, are rising round us, flourishing, and coming to untimely ends. A well-known and interesting monthly journal, for example, devotes regularly a large portion of its space to what it calls “The Progress of the World;” as though it were possible from month to month to tell whether the world was really progressing or no. Ideas of this kind spring from what we may call a parochialism of mind. They are characteristic of excitable persons with a narrow social outlook, with no sense of proportion, and none of that most useful and sobering form of knowledge which we speak of as knowledge of the world. They look on some temporary agitation in the puddle of a class or clique as a sign that there is some general rise in the level of the entire sea.

But though these grotesque mistakes as to the significance of passing movements, of small and superficial changes and mere effervescences of class excitements, are of very frequent occurrence, the fact remains that the character and the temper of mankind do actually undergo from time to time certain changes in certain important respects—changes which represent a general and continuous process, which leave behind them results of the most enduring kind, and give a new colour to the subsequent history of civilisation. Of genuine changes in the human character such as these, the most important are the changes which have been associated with the historic developments of Christianity. Christianity, as we all of us know only too well, has left human nature, in many respects, precisely where it found it. It is indeed for this very reason that the various narratives in the Bible still make to us all so homely and so intimate an appeal. But no one can fail to see that, during the age of Mediæval Catholicism, the emotional and moral sentiments of men had acquired new colourings, different from any known to the Jewish Prophets, the Apostles, or the Christian subjects of Constantine. The whole set of ideas involved in the rise both of monasticism and chivalry are illustrations of this fact; and two others may be cited not less marked and familiar—namely, the ideas which caused and accompanied the Protestant Reformation on the one hand, and the humanistic revival of art, philosophy, and literature, on the other. Let us on this occasion consider only the latter of these two sets of phenomena, their causes being more easily identified. The humanistic revival, or as it is commonly called the Renaissance, is obviously connected with one great event—the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the dispersion of its Greek inhabitants, and the consequent diffusion through the West of the forgotten literature of Greece. The force of the humanistic revival is not spent yet. On the contrary the movement has, during the nineteenth century, been stimulated afresh and enlarged by a fresh series of events, comparable to the



re-discovery of the philosophies, the arts, and the culture of the ancient world—namely, the progressive applications of science to the mystery of the physical universe, and the physical, the mental and the social history of man. The changes in human sentiment and character that have been produced by these means are very different from those transient movements, which subside as quickly as they arise, and which, as we just now observed, are mistaken by excitable persons for the beginnings of catastrophic changes; and the reason of the difference is not far to seek. Changes in human sentiment and character are real or apparent, general or parochial, enduring or evanescent, important or trivial, in proportion to the nature and persistence of the causes to which they are due. The re-assimilation by the world of the culture and the philosophy of antiquity was not an event whose influences exhausted themselves when it was no longer new. On the contrary, the longer they have lasted, the wider and the more various have they become. Instead of exhausting themselves, they have fructified. They are as vital to-day as they were in days of Leo X.; or rather they are more vital; for the kinds and methods of study, which characterised the period of the Renaissance, were during that period only just beginning, and, being based on a desire for truth, and on a free exercise of the intelligence, they carried with them from the first the potency of a continuous development. In other words, they placed the human mind in the centre of a circle of indefinitely expanding knowledge—knowledge each stage of which was a stepping-stone to something beyond—to new discoveries which are fulfilling, but not destroying previous ones. Whatever changes, therefore, in human sentiment and character may have resulted from this great movement, which at first was philosophical and literary and has gradually become scientific, are changes which are calculated, in the nature of things, to be not less enduring than their cause; and the most important of them, or the most universally felt, is, or tends to be as follows. It is a change in the imaginative conception which men form of themselves, and the nature of the human lot, as one of the phenomena of the universe. Consciously or unconsciously, the least self-conscious persons have some idea of themselves as related to the society which surrounds them—of their own position, of their duties, of the way in which they impress others; and this idea affects not only their thoughts and expectations, but shows itself also in their manners, their demeanour, and their costume. A similar idea of themselves gives its colour to their spiritual consciousness—an idea of themselves and of their race as related to the surrounding universe: and this latter idea, like the former, depends on their knowledge of what surrounds them. A man in a commanding position has a sense of self-importance or of responsibility, because he knows he can influence others for their good, or secure their services for his own. In the same way a man has some sense of himself as a man, which depends on his knowledge or belief as to what the human race is. It is hardly possible to overestimate the extent to which the general self-consciousness of mankind has been influenced by men's ideas with regard to the magnitude of the earth, and their belief that the rest of the universe was in some way or other subsidiary to it. Slowly but surely, with the process of scientific discovery, the ideas then generated have been undergoing an unacknowledged change; and this change is being now rapidly accelerated, not by any increase in our speculative scientific knowledge but by the application of science to certain of the arts of life—more especially those connected with locomotion and the transmission of news. The diminutive size of the earth as compared with the rest of the universe was clearly enough demonstrated by the revelations of modern astronomy; but it was revealed by astronomy to the reason rather than to imagination. The development of the railway, the ocean-steamer, and the telegraphic cable is now forcing it on the imagination through the facts of daily experience. Cape Town is now practically almost as close to London as Cannes was, when Lord Brougham first made Cannes his residence. Melbourne is in many ways a more familiar city to the Londoner than was Inverness at the time of the battle of Culloden.

It is cheaper and easier for the Londoner to go to New York now, than it was for Dr. Johnson to go from Fleet Street to Edinburgh. And not only are all parts of the globe becoming accessible to our knowledge, our commerce, and our personal observation, but the whole globe is becoming consequently small and trite to our imagination. It is beginning to affect us now like a house which seemed vast to us in our childhood, but which, when we revisit it in manhood, has sunk to the proportions of a cottage. The subtle change in sentiment which is being produced in this way cannot be evanescent, because the causes of it are necessarily permanent, and will act on us, as time goes on, with an increasing not a lessening force. What the alternate result of this change will be we will not venture to predict. We will content ourselves here with pointing out to the reader that it may conceivably affect men in either of two opposite ways. It may still and deaden the religious sentiment of mankind, by making them seem too small in their own eyes to possess any of that mysterious value, and of that imperishable significance which religion essentially attributes to them. But more probably, as more rationally, by diverting their attention from the spectacle, which once seemed so majestic, of their own existence here, and fixing their gaze on the vastness of the seen and the unseen universe, through which they move like a speck, but of which they yet form a part, it will enable them more easily to listen to the suggestion of religion that in this universe they have an eternal if as yet an unexplained inheritance.

#### A SATIRE ON ROMANTIC DRAMA.

LAST week we had to record two regrettable occurrences at the seat of dramatic war. That daring and unscrupulous commander, Captain Marshall, after his successful operations at the Criterion, had appeared with incredible rapidity in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, and had forced Messrs. Harrison and Maude unconditionally to surrender. It would be premature to speculate on the reasons which prompted these two gallant managers to give over to the forces of old-fashioned drama a theatre which we had supposed to be well provided against any such necessity. Far be it from us to hastily condemn. We, who sit at home, propping our blotting-pads against the cushions of our arm-chairs, must bear in mind that those who are nobly risking their money in theatrical management, and incurring the various dangers and hardships inseparable from that pursuit, often are compelled by causes of which we know nothing to take measures which are at first sight unintelligible. But the loss of the Haymarket, whether or not it was inevitable, is none the less humiliating to our pride, or the less eminently calculated signally to encourage the rapidly dwindling forces of the enemy. Marshall's occupation seems to be completely effective, and his vast supplies of sugar and spice and all things nice will probably enable him to hold his own for some months. There is reason to fear that the box-office is being besieged. The other occurrence which I had to record—the serious check experienced by Hobbes' Light Horse in the S. James's district—was even more regrettable. We had felt such confidence in, and had founded such high hopes on, this spirited little arm of our service that we could hardly credit the news that it had failed in the execution of its duty. Far be it from us &c. &c. It is pleasant now to turn to the brighter side of things. Last week we were so preoccupied with regrettable occurrences that we had no time to comment on the recent engagement in which the "cape-and-sword" commando were completely routed and cut to pieces by . . . but how am I express Mr. L. N. Parker in terms of militancy? His second name, I am told, is Napoleon; but that does not help me. Let me drop metaphor and plainly say how glad was I (disliking, as I do, that empty, dull, noisy, insincere business of "cape-and-sword") to find the audience at the Duke of York's entering well into the spirit of Mr. Parker's satire, laughing merrily at all his points. For the laughter assured me that the "cape-and-sword" nuisance was over, at least for the present. In France ridicule does not kill, because to the inhabitants laughter is a natural function: they can

laugh at a thing without losing their respect for it. In England ridicule seldom kills, because the inhabitants can seldom be made to see a joke. But whenever they do see a joke, then does their laughter signify that they will no longer respect the thing at whose expense the joke has been cut. I rejoiced, accordingly, in the reception of "The Swashbuckler." A superficial person might say that Mr. Parker's method had been to take all the stock-incidents of the neo-romantic hacks, and to cast into them, as hero, a wholly absurd creature, who should act as a leaven to the whole, making the stock-incidents not less absurd than himself. That is one way of describing Mr. Parker's method. Another, a better, is to say that he has made his hero a plausible human being, who is bound to show up the inherent absurdity of the stock-incidents by his contrast with them. Consistent absurdity may carry conviction; but the game is up so soon as one serious element is introduced. It is by the introduction of this element into absurdity that satire works. Burlesque works, conversely, by the introduction of an absurd element into serious matters. Mr. Parker proves himself a good satirist, and he is to be thanked for added graces of humour and fancy which make his play not less delightful than salutary. The entertainment has other added graces, in the way of pretty scenery, well-designed dresses, good acting. Mr. Waring, as the hero, obviously revels in the chance of being something more than a caped monster with a sword, and of showing us that his painfully dry, bombastic performance in "Under the Red Robe" was not his own fault. And Miss Millard, as heroine, achieves with much grace her second preliminary canter for the part of Rosalind.

I am sorry I can say nothing valuable about the dramatic version of "Marmion" presented last Saturday by the Elizabethan Stage Society. Unavoidable circumstances prevented me from reaching the scene of entertainment before one half of the play was over; and the intensity of the subscribers, who had come in full force and occupied every seat except one seat at the back of a very high and remote gallery, prevented me from forming even a half-opinion. It is only fair, then, to assume that the version was admirable and admirably performed. On the initial question, whether or not "Marmion" was worth so much trouble, I will keep my counsel. I am glad Mr. Poel has brought his interesting and eager little Society from abeyance, and I look forward to its activity in the future.

The death of Mr. Oscar Wilde extinguishes a hope that the broken series of his plays might be resumed. The hope was never, indeed, very strong. Despite the number of his books and plays, Mr. Wilde was not, I think, what one calls a born writer. His writing seemed always to be rather an overflow of intellectual and temperamental energy than an inevitable, absorbing function. That he never concentrated himself on any one form of literature is a proof that the art of writing never really took hold of him. He experimented in all forms, his natural genius winning for him, lightly, in every one of them, the success which for most men is won only by a reverent concentration. His native energy having been sapped by a long term of imprisonment, the chance that he would write again was very small. His main motive for writing was lost. He would not, as would the born writer, be likely to find consolation in his art. "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," though it showed that he had not lost his power of writing, was no presage of industry. Obviously, it was written by him with a definite external purpose, not from mere love and necessity of writing. Still, while he lived, there was always the off-chance that he might again essay that art-form which had been the latest to attract him. Somehow, the theatre seems to be fraught with a unique fascination. Modern dramaturgy is the most difficult of the arts, and its rewards (I do not mean its really commercial rewards) seem to be proportionate to its difficulties. To it, but for his downfall, even Mr. Wilde might have devoted himself. But for his death, he might possibly have returned to it. And thus his death is, in a lesser degree than his downfall, a great loss to the drama of our day. His work was distinct from that of most other playwrights in that he was a man who had achieved success

outside the theatre. He was not a mere maker of plays. Taking up dramaturgy when he was no longer a young man, taking it up as a kind of afterthought, he brought to it a knowledge of the world which the life-long playwright seldom possesses. But this was only one point in his advantage. He came as a thinker, a weaver of ideas, and as a wit, and as the master of a literary style. It was, I think, in respect of literary style that his plays were most remarkable. In his books this style was perhaps rather too facile, too rhetorical in its grace. Walter Pater, in one of his few book-reviews, said that in Mr. Wilde's work there was always "the quality of the good talker." This seems to me a very acute criticism. Mr. Wilde's writing suffered by too close a likeness to the flow of speech. But it was this very likeness that gave him in dramatic dialogue as great an advantage over more careful and finer literary stylists as he had over ordinary playwrights with no pretence to style. The dialogue in his plays struck the right mean between literary style and ordinary talk. It was at once beautiful and natural, as dialogue should always be. With this and other advantages, he brought to dramaturgy as keen a sense for the theatre as was possessed by any of his rivals, except Mr. Pinero. Theatrical construction, sense of theatrical effects, were his by instinct. I notice that one of the newspapers says that his plays were "devoid of consideration as drama," and suggests that he had little or no talent for construction. Such criticism as this merely shows that what Ben Jonson called "the dull ass's hoof" must have its backward fling. In point of fact, Mr. Wilde's instinct for construction was so strong as to be a disadvantage. The very ease of his manipulation tempted him to trickiness, tempted him to accept current conventions which, if he had had to puzzle things out laboriously and haltingly, he would surely have discarded, finding for himself a simpler and more honest technique. His three serious comedies were marred by staginess. In "An Ideal Husband" the staginess was most apparent, least so in "A Woman of No Importance." In the latter play, Mr. Wilde allowed the psychological idea to work itself out almost unmolested, and the play was, in my opinion, by far the most truly dramatic of his plays. It was along these lines that we, in the early 'nineties, hoped Mr. Wilde would ultimately work. But, even if he had confined his genius to the glorification of conventional drama, we should have had much reason to be grateful to him. His conventional comedies were as superior to the conventional comedies of other men as was "The Importance of Being Earnest" to the everyday farces whose scheme was so frankly accepted in it. At the moment of Mr. Wilde's downfall, it was natural that the public sentiment should be one of repulsion. But later, when he was released from prison, they remembered that he had at least suffered the full penalty. And now that he is dead, they will realise also, fully, what was for them involved in his downfall, how lamentable the loss to dramatic literature. MAX.

#### TWO BOOKS ON VAN DYCK.\*

MR. MAX ROOSES, the curator of the Plantin Museum, is one of those admirable Gibeonites who hew and draw for the history of art. His limits on the critical side may be measured by the recent publication, of which he is editor, on Modern Dutch Painters, a monument, even in England unsurpassed, of the kind of writing that is thought good enough to accompany collections of tone-blocks. But in his own sphere of documentary learning and industrious scrutiny he has done much to clear up the history and authenticate the *œuvre* of the Flemish masters. The present volume, whose cover should make the walls of Plantin sweat, contains a brief biographic sketch of Van Dyck and fifty Meissenbach plates after pictures at the Antwerp Exhibition of last year with descriptive and historical notes. Much of the description is superfluous because of the plates; some of it is funny, because Mr.

\* "Fifty Masterpieces of Van Dyck." Photogravures from the Antwerp Exhibition 1899. Descriptions &c. by Max Roeses. Translated by Fanny Knowles. London: Sampson Low. 1900. £3 13s. 6d. net.

\* "Anthony Van Dyck." An Historical Study of his Life and Works. By Lionel Cust. London: Bell. 1900. £5 5s. net.



Rooes takes the actor-posturing of Van Dyck's figures in sacred scenes for the highest expression of passion; thus of *Christ in the Tomb*. "The hopeless grief on the face of the Mother, who has lost the most beloved of sons, is beautifully portrayed. She is calling heaven and earth to witness that there never was such grief as hers. The face of S. John speaks eloquently as he indicates the wound of his dear Lord, which justifies the expression of dismay on the face of the angel who is bending over with clasped hands." The history is the valuable part of these notes. The plates include a number of remarkable rhetorical pieces, like the picture just referred to, that were brought out of churches for the Exhibition and are less familiar to English eyes than the portraits. Some of the portraits are English, but others are less known—for example a magnificent head and shoulders of some man unidentified, perhaps an artist, which passed from a private collection in this country to M. H. Heugel, of Paris. Of Van Dyck's range in painting (etchings and drawings are not included), this selection gives a capital idea.

Mr. Cust's volume is a gallery of pictures even more admirably reproduced, but also of etchings and of drawings, chiefly from the British Museum. The text is one of those efforts which must be made from time to time to sum up the results of minute research, and retell the whole story. One is glad to see an English curator taking a hand in this necessary work, undertaken so much more frequently by foreign scholars. The essay is short, for it is spaced out by handsome type to its considerable bulk—perhaps fear of the English public prevented Mr. Cust from giving more detail; but the account is well proportioned and well written. Moreover Mr. Cust gives those essential bones of a new account, critical lists of Van Dyck's works arranged in periods. He adds, for convenience, catalogues of the Grosvenor Gallery, Antwerp, and Burlington House exhibitions. The last attempt of importance to give a complete view and catalogue of Van Dyck was M. Guiffrey's, published in 1882. M. Guiffrey's new source was a manuscript which came from a M. Goddé's library to the Louvre, containing notes by an unknown student, of the eighteenth century, on the artist's life. As Mr. Cust says, some French scholar ought to publish the MS. entire. Since then Mr. Law's painstaking work on the Windsor pictures has appeared, and an Italian scholar, Cavaliere Menotti, has been gleaning in the Genoese period with results partly published in a periodical, partly to appear in a forthcoming book. Besides these contributions there are the labours of Dr. Bode, Messrs. van der Branden, Rooes, Hymans and Pinchart. It will be seen then that modern scholars are working concurrently at the three geographical sections of Van Dyck's life, the Flemish, the Italian and English. Mr. Cust's work among English portraits must have made him specially conversant with the third section, he has the collections of his predecessor, Mr. Scharf, to start from, and he joins Mr. Law in a formidable clean sweep of the pretensions to authenticity of the majority of "Vandycks" in English houses. Mr. Cust points out that Van Dyck worked only for the royal house and the members of a few families prominent at Court; his English list of portraits, other than royal, numbers two hundred and twenty-eight. Only an historian with the whole literature of the subject at his fingers' ends could say, without laborious collation, exactly how much in Mr. Cust's conclusions is original. I cannot pretend to this pitch of erudition, and will only note Mr. Cust's attitude towards one or two disputed matters.

1. There is the question of the relations between Rubens and Van Dyck. Mr. Cust puts it that Van Dyck was never a pupil of Rubens. But by this he only means that Van Dyck was technically a master before entering Rubens's studio, and was employed by Rubens as an assistant. Rubens himself speaks of him as "his best pupil" (or "disciple," for the word is "discepolo").

2. Then there is the question of pictures sometimes attributed to Rubens, sometimes to Van Dyck. Mr. Cust joins other critics in giving *The Brazen Serpent* at Madrid to Van Dyck (for all its big signature) and some other pictures that may be classed with it. Into the disputed authorship of a number of portraits of the date of Van Dyck's pupil period, given by Bode to Van Dyck,

by Michel to Rubens, Mr. Cust does not enter at length, but in his catalogue leaves most of them to Rubens, including the splendid Jacqueline de Cordes, so evidently his. But he gives the famous negroes' heads at Brussels to Van Dyck.

3. Mr. Cust has a decided opinion about the date of certain pictures usually assigned to the period before Van Dyck's visit to Italy. These pictures are the *S. Martin dividing his cloak with a Beggar* (Windsor and Saventhem) *The Kiss of Judas* (Madrid, Corsham House, and Richmond) and *Christ crowned with Thorns* (Madrid, Berlin). Mr. Cust's chief argument for dating them after the Italian journey is the existence, in the sketch-book preserved at Chatsworth, of notes after pictures by Titian, which he argues were used in these compositions and would hardly have been made if the pictures had already been painted. The first picture is the nucleus of the famous legend of Saventhem, the story of Van Dyck delaying on his journey to make love to a village girl, at whose instance he painted two pictures for the church. Rubens, it was added, had to come down to Saventhem and set the traveller on his road again. The real facts, as they were puzzled out, are given in the Goddé MS. Now Mr. Cust points to a page in the sketch-book where the figure of a horseman is jotted down from Titian's woodcut of Pharaoh at the Red Sea. This has a fairly close resemblance to the figure of S. Martin. But closer is the resemblance of a beggar to that of a figure in Raphael's cartoon of the Apostles at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. Van Dyck, Mr. Rooes notes, may have seen the tapestries at Brussels. The white horse, too, is like one that belonged to Rubens, and figures in his pictures (it is traditionally the horse given to Van Dyck for his journey); and the painting of the Saventhem picture, as described, is that of Van Dyck's first, pre-Italian period. The Windsor version was in Rubens's possession, and is, I should say, certainly the later for this reason, that in it this beggar is not kneeling (after Raphael's *cul-de-jatte*), but rising to his feet in a curiously cramped way, as if the design had not allowed space for his legs. This part of the picture, with additional figures, is painted on a piece of canvas stitched on to the larger piece, and is possibly an afterthought. This is the more likely, since another piece has been added at the top, to restore the proportions. The beggar, I may add, who receives the cloak with an awkward action a little bettered in the Windsor version resembles a figure in Rubens's *Miracle of S. Francis Xavier*, a picture painted during Van Dyck's assistantship, and probably worked on by him. The curious square shape of the canvas, the proportion of the figures to it, and the models employed, relate the *S. Martin* to the *Good Samaritan*, which Mr. Cust leaves in the early period.

As to the *Kiss of Judas*, the sketch-book shows a scuddle of the action and the word "Titian" is written in the corner. This form of the name is surely suspicious (on other pages "*Pensieri di Titiano*" is the title), and no one has pointed out the picture by Titian from which the sketch could have been taken. Tradition says that Van Dyck gave this picture to Rubens before he set out for Italy, and the version now in the Prado was certainly in Rubens's collection at his death and was bought by Philip IV.

Once more, there are notes in the sketch-book after one of Titian's versions of the *Crowning with Thorns* and Mr. Cust says Van Dyck's picture is based upon Titian's. But it is much more closely based on an early composition by Rubens now at Grasse (there is an unsatisfactory reproduction of it in Michel's "Rubens"). The attitude of the Christ and the setting resemble Rubens more than Titian, and one figure in particular of a Roman helmeted soldier, mentioned by Mr. Cust, is present in the Grasse picture. An odd thing, if we take to searching for resemblances, is that an onlooker in Van Dyck's picture is very like the man in profile to the right of Velazquez's *Borrachos* and in the same position. If Rubens had any hand in suggesting the latter picture, and it seems likely that he had, this toper may have been borrowed from some model of his, for he haunts the Bacchanalian pictures of Rubens and Van Dyck.

Such are the delightful teasing problems that the

historian deals with. Mr. Cust modestly disclaims being anything but an historian. From the discussion of form, colour, all that makes up the peculiar vision of Van Dyck, he holds away, except for a very interesting comparison between Mytens' and Van Dyck's treatment of the same people, and some other incidental remarks. Somewhere he says that Van Dyck was "no mere painter" but an historian himself. And all that is not history in painting he appears to consign to the sphere of "technique." I know that the word is often loosely used in this way, but it is a use fruitful of misunderstanding. Thus Mr. Cust speaks on his last page as if the difference between Van Dyck and Velazquez were one of technique, that of Velazquez being more skilful and dexterous. As a matter of fact neither Van Dyck nor Velazquez performs very difficult feats of technique, the skill they display in that respect being about equal. The difference between them is one of vision—the image Velazquez saw of a man differed in temper, in analysis of form, in sensibility to colour from the image Van Dyck saw. To determine the nature of that image as against others is the main matter in understanding a painter, and all this is too much to include under the last stage of translating it into paint.

D. S. M.

#### MOTTL AGAIN.

AFTER Mottl in London, Ysaÿe here; after Ysaÿe here, Mottl once more. I was curious to make some comparisons and observe contrasts. It must be admitted right away that Mottl showed in five minutes how very far ahead he is of all other conductors; but apart from this, to hear the one man so soon after the other was a valuable lesson. It was a lesson that we could hardly get from any other two conductors than these. When I consider all that I have heard there is not one, save these two and Mr. Wood, who has brought to his work a new, distinctive, picturesque, puissant personality. Perhaps Mahler did it; but it is a long time since Mahler was in England, and then he gave no concerts, but did his best with his German band in Wagner opera as it used to be handled in the palmy days of Sir Augustus Harris. Anyhow, the rest—Richter, Nikisch, Weingartner, Levi, Henschel and the all-important Siegfried Wagner—never did more than execute their work in a workmanlike manner: they were (or they are) capellmeisters doing with more or less of excellence the things often done before. Three only, Mottl, Ysaÿe and Wood, have shown me unsuspected aspects of the music they played; only through three has the music come to my ears with some colours intensified, others paled, certain qualities exaggerated and some dulled, so that it became a new thing, a thing that one might say one had never heard before. At one time I used to treat the virtuoso with a certain degree of scorn; and the mere virtuoso, the man who treats all music as nothing more than a vehicle for the expression of himself, who tries to put everything of interest into the music and never tries to draw anything interesting out of it, is still to me a creature not worth troubling about, a creature who, having no reverence for the great achievements in art, is deserving of no respect. But the virtuoso of the type of Mottl, of Wood, of Ysaÿe, is decidedly worth troubling about. One feels their personality in their playing, not because they thrust themselves forcibly into the music, but because they draw out of it certain qualities, because each makes a choice (perhaps unconsciously, altogether instinctively) of qualities and accentuates them, isolates them. And just as one reads, or looks at, or hears, the mightiest art-works in literature, drama, painting, music, again and again as one grows older, and perpetually makes fresh discoveries, so the fresh discoveries in the fine music are brought to one by the different virtuoso conductors. For instance, in the third movement of Tchaikowsky's Pathetic symphony Mr. Wood shows us a degree of hysterical, nervous emotion that one would never suspect when Mottl plays it; and Mottl, on the other hand, puts a dignity, strength, majesty into his rendering of the end of "The Valkyrie" which is absent altogether from Mr. Wood's rendering. A week ago

I heard Ysaÿe play Wagner magnificently, after his own fashion; and it was immensely interesting to hear Mottl play not precisely the same music, but music of the same sort.

The programme opened with the prelude to "Lohengrin," given slower than I had ever heard it or would have dreamed possible. I would not lay a wager as to the length of time it took; but my impression is that it was twenty-five minutes, or about the time occupied by the whole first act of "Faust." It was a feat of sheer virtuosity that no conductor but Mottl could have brought off successfully. There was more of Mottl and less of Wagner in it than in any other piece given at this particular concert. In London Mottl has always taken it faster: indeed if he played it so slowly there, angry multitudes would undoubtedly rise and fling chairs and attendants at him, while grave gentlemen of the Press would leave before the end and write (truly enough for once) that he did not observe the genuine Bayreuth tradition. To make the violins play pianissimo, with an absolutely level and even tone, at that pace or lack of pace in the delivery of the theme was simply a miraculous feat; and the arrangement of the woodwind afterwards was not less astonishing. At the climax he hurried a little; then he made an enormous *rallentando* for the long trailing melody that slides from the top almost to the bottom of the violin's range. It was here that one most strongly felt the presence of Mottl and the absence of Wagner. Wagner's melody demands rhythm, not a very strongly marked rhythm, but still rhythm, and that can only be got by a certain amount of movement. The thing as Mottl sees it is only a long series of slowly changing kaleidoscopic coloured harmonies; and he came as near to making the music stand still as was compatible with the possibility of ever finishing the prelude at all. Slower and slower the thing got; one was filled with amazement—amazement at the mere idea of playing it in that way and at the unerring certainty and dexterity with which it was done; one wondered whether it would ever end. Most amazing of all, it did end; and one applauded wildly what can only be called a work of positive genius. It was not Wagner; but it was magnificent. Ysaÿe is a fine conductor, but he could not have done this. Richter could not do it, nor Mr. Wood: no one save Mottl could do it, Mottl with his supreme command of the orchestra and his gift for playing as if the fingers of other men were his own. This, and the Ride of the Valkyries, were his only solos. The latter he handled much as he did in London some years ago, dragging the tempo towards the finish to give the trombones and tubas plenty of time to speak. The effect was less exciting than that of Mr. Wood's nervously energetic version, but it was more tremendous. In fact, just as one felt the "Lohengrin" prelude not to be Wagner, to be out of proportion—for if the whole opera were played after that fashion when would it end?—so one felt the Ride of the Valkyries to be more Mottl than Wagner, to be mainly a means of rhetorical self-expression for Mottl, because if the whole opera were given in that way one would be deafened and fatigued in ten minutes. The other items were Wolfram's song from the first act of "Tannhäuser," the Forge scene from "Siegfried," and the closing scene of the "Valkyrie." The singers were van Rooy, Dalmores, Massart and Litvinne. The last sang the Brunnhilde music beautifully. Her voice, to my mind a voice of much more exquisite timbre than Melba's, she managed deftly, making the most of Wagner's lovely phrases; and she sang with complete intellectual insight into the music and the dramatic situation. She has all the wonderful accuracy which Lamoureux used to attain with his orchestra, and with that infinitely more pure musical temperament. In the scene with Wotan she was at her best, van Rooy playing up to her magnificently. Van Rooy is by no means a perfectly finished artist yet; but he is fast nearing the goal; and in the meantime he is the best Wotan on the stage. Dalmores sang the part of Siegfried intelligently and with plenty of energy. His voice is not brilliant and his style is as yet undistinguished—in fact it can hardly be called a style. He has much to learn; but at any rate he sings always in a musicianly manner, which



to a musician is highly gratifying. He is more a musician than a tenor, and is therefore a rarity. When I think of the gentlemen captured in Italy, France and Belgium and brought in cages to roar in their untamed, uncultivated state at Covent Garden audiences, I cannot but hope that Mr. Dalmores, a genuine artist, though by no means a complete one, may be netted for next season. Mr. Massart did his best with the part of Mime, but sang under great difficulties. But good or indifferent as the singers might be, the main interest was Mottl's conducting. He made his ancient effect in the Fire-music, again almost stopping the motion towards the end to let the brass chant full and sonorously the Siegfried theme. Sometimes he seemed to forget that his orchestra was on the same platform as the singers, not buried in a Bayreuth pit, and in consequence the singers, particularly Dalmores, had to endure bad times. In this one perceived a difference between him and Ysaÿe. Above all Ysaÿe accompanies well. I commented a few weeks ago on the remarkable way in which he played a Beethoven concerto with Busoni, not drowning the piano, never becoming utterly subservient, but making of the thing a genuine symphony with a sufficiently important piano part. In accompanying Gulbranson more recently in the closing scene of the "Dusk of the Gods" he did the same, maintaining accurately the balance between the voice and the band. Mottl is apt to think more of the band than the voice. He took little or no account, in the "Siegfried" music, of the fact that Dalmores' voice has not the power and brilliance of Jean de Reszke's; he overlooked Mr. Massart altogether; only Litvinne and van Rooy were able to hold their own with him. The colour surged in gorgeous streaks through the music; and it was only where Wagner has reduced the band to the level of a mere accompanist that one was able to think of the voices. Wagner's orchestral colour was intensified, exaggerated, to the last degree. In the theatre there would have been nothing to complain of; on the concert-platform I had nothing to complain of; for the exhibition revealed to me qualities in Wagner's music that can be enjoyed, in which one can revel, qualities that Mottl alone brings out. Wood, Ysaÿe, these conductors show us certain elements in Wagner; but no one gives us his colour with the force and richness attained by Mottl.

J. F. R.

#### CLERICAL, MEDICAL AND GENERAL.

THE report of the Clerical, Medical and General Life Assurance Society comes late in the year, since the office is one of the few companies which does not make up its accounts till the end of December. The Society in some ways benefits by this arrangement, since its report receives a larger amount of attention than it might if many other reports were received about the same time. For a strong company like the Clerical Medical, which can challenge detailed criticism without fear, this is an advantage.

One of the most interesting features of the report is the list of directors, which probably includes a larger number of really distinguished men than is to be found on the board of any other Life Office. In looking at the list one still feels a sense of loss in the absence of the name of the late Sir John Mowbray, whose courtesy and capacity were so long at the disposal of the Society, and were so impressive to everybody who had anything to do with the board.

The new business of the Society during the year consisted of 743 policies, assuring £550,389. This amount is considerably less than in recent years, and suggests reflections of an unsatisfactory kind. There is no doubt that the Clerical Medical is one of the best offices in the Kingdom. For certain policies it is quite the best; and for practically all policies it is very good. Yet its new business shows a falling off, and is always small in proportion to its total business. This is immaterial to its existing policy-holders. Its total funds and its premium income have increased, and its business has been managed at moderate cost. In all these respects it exhibits the same features as many first-class Life Offices, especially in showing a reduction in new business during the last year. The unsatisfactory reflection

comes in when we turn to the accounts of second-, third-, or tenth-rate companies. These companies pay proportionately enormous amounts to get new business, and they obtain it year after year to an increasing extent, to the detriment of their policy-holders and of their reputation.

The salient features of the accounts of the Clerical Medical are that the office is earning over 3½ per cent. upon its funds, and only assuming 2½ per cent. in valuing its liabilities, thus making an annual contribution to surplus at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum of its funds. Its business is being managed at an expense of 12½ per cent. of the premiums, as compared with an expenditure provided for of 18 per cent. of the premiums, thus showing a further contribution to surplus of nearly 6 per cent. of the Premium Income. Something like 5 per cent. of the premiums is, however, absorbed in paying dividends to shareholders, so that as compared with a mutual office the profit from this source is less than it appears to be at first sight. Finally the mortality experienced is less than the mortality provided for; and although this source of surplus was less than usual last year there is no doubt that during the current Quinquennium it has been very substantial. These are normal sources of surplus, but the latest revenue account shows a profit on securities realised of over £12,000. and as the assets are worth more than the value at which they appear in the Balance Sheet, the Society possesses yet another source of strength and surplus, the precise amount of which we have no means of knowing. The Report is good: the Society presents us with Life Assurance at its best, but it brings home to us the unsatisfactory reflection, to which we have already alluded, that people can be fooled into taking policies to their own disadvantage, by inferior offices, who seeking quantity of business, rather than quality, are prepared to pay for it at extravagant rates.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 Stratton Street, W., 5 December, 1900.

SIR,—When I see fine things damaged, I am afraid that it will require more than a letter from Mr. Freeman-Mitford to "comfort" me, for his style is by no means so brilliant or so polished as his gilding. Mr. Freeman-Mitford flings imposing names at me, but it would be interesting to know whether his statements are authorised and supported by all the gentlemen he mentions, and whether they are all prepared to go into the glass case along with him. I rather doubt it myself. Very soon after the collection was opened to the public I ventured to express my regret to two of those named that some of the old furniture had been re-gilt. One of them defended it on the ground of necessity, saying that "it [the furniture] was so black that it had to be done." The other agreed with me in deprecating what had been done, and said that he "disclaimed all responsibility" for it. This does not look as if "not one single article of furniture has been re-gilt or even retouched with gold."

Here I would remark that Mr. Freeman-Mitford has adopted a very stale controversial device. He talks about clocks and candlesticks and candelabras about which I said not one word, for the very good reason that it is perfectly obvious that they have not been re-gilt, whereas it is equally obvious to those who have eyes to see that some of the old furniture, by which I mean chairs and sofas, has been re-gilt. The furniture speaks for itself. Any expert of European experience (I do not count those gentlemen who spend their lives between Christie's and Bond Street as authorities) could point out to Mr. Freeman-Mitford exactly what pieces have the original gilding and what have not.

If Mr. Freeman-Mitford had candidly admitted the undoubted fact of the re-gilding but had declared that it was done before the furniture in question had come into the hands of the committee, I would gladly have expressed my regret for holding them responsible for the sins of their predecessors. But as he says that in

the case of every article the gilding is the actual gilding of Caffieri, Gouthière and other masters, I join direct issue with him. Perhaps he does not know that Caffieri and Gouthière (not Gonthière) were metal workers exclusively, and did not gild wood furniture, but perhaps he does, so let that pass.

But he evidently sets up as an authority on the subject of "Patine"—now "Patine" is just that inexpressible charm which is imparted to the surface of antiquities by the process of time, and it is this charm which is entirely destroyed by re-gilding, and which is often much impaired by the vigorous application of soap and water. I am by no means disposed to admit that the policy of soapsuds, however excellent when applied to the female form divine, concerning which Mr. Freeman-Mitford betrays so much solicitude, produces equally good results when applied to objets d'art. To make everything bright and neat as a new pin is not exactly the ideal aimed at by real connoisseurs, such as the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, and is certainly no proof of "fine taste" on the part of those who are its advocates.

If Mr. Freeman-Mitford wishes to spend a week pleasantly and profitably, I would recommend him to go to Paris and study carefully the Patine on the old carved wood furniture in the Louvre, the Garde de Meubles and Versailles, and then compare it with that on the renovated furniture in Hertford House, and if he has any feeling at all for fine art, he will be compelled to acknowledge (to himself) that many things in the Wallace collection have not been handled as discreetly and as delicately as they should have been.

Your obedient servant,

ERNEST BECKETT.

#### INDIFFERENCE TO ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, 20 November, 1900.

SIR,—May not the lack of interest in elementary education to which you refer be due, in part at least, to the fact that hitherto elementary education has not been interesting? Work under the Result system was hardly calculated to inspire either teacher or pupil with a love of school or of learning, and in consequence, although primary education has been "compulsory" for the last thirty years, a generation has grown up under it which is yet not convinced of its value.

Now however that a more reasonable system has been established we may perhaps hope for better things—in time. Formerly the teacher had to drive his pupils; now, unless hampered by the uncertainties and misunderstandings of a period of transition, he can lead them, and though it may take time for one who has been long obliged by circumstances to wield the "sword of steel" to realise the blessings of the "velvet scabbard," yet it is even now far easier for children to like their school than it formerly was; and affection is the first step towards a truer understanding and may perhaps lead to a continuance of study in after years.

There may thus be hope in the future; but neither is the present without its possibilities. Already the schools are useful to parents in many ways which are not strictly educational, but which are not therefore to be lost sight of. The infants' school affords a warm and safe shelter for the younger children; the value of the elder girls' needlework and cookery and laundry lessons soon becomes evident if the circumstances of their homes are such as to give their training even a slight chance; the school savings bank may enable mothers furtively to put by a few shillings; the school library book may go round the family circle; the free visits to the baths are valuable not merely for the teaching of swimming; the Country Holiday Fund enables many a dream to be realised, and in the depths of winter the free or assisted meals and the distribution of old coats and boots must often bring real relief to a family in extremity. All these agencies affect a parent's conception of the school; the turbulent individual who assaults the teachers is, though conspicuous, happily not typical.

Among the more fortunately placed parents also the school can be of real use. I believe that comparatively few fathers have any definite plans for their children's

future, and they are as a rule very willing to listen to the teacher's advice upon the subject, though perhaps rather shy in asking for it. Employers, too, occasionally apply to schools for likely lads, and with encouragement would probably do so more frequently. If then teachers were to get into touch with firms, they would be in a position to offer suitable places to many, if not all, of the boys who had passed right through the standards; everyone, especially the teacher, would gain, and a great deal of waste would be stopped thereby. I have known boys who have received the highest education an important School Board could give them, drift into parcel-carrying and newspaper-selling; others whose training had fitted them to become apprentices to artisans or engineers' trades take situations as office boys.

Finally the parental—and particularly the maternal—heart is even more touched by the lighter and more showy sides of school work, than by the more solid advantages of place-getting. The concerts and displays, the pretty and neat things taken home by the children, the "outward and visible," at which the educationist is apt to smile, all have their uses; for parents do not necessarily see things from the teacher's point of view.

The school should in fact become an institution, an agency for usefulness in as many directions as possible; it need not disdain a modest kind of advertisement, and, while waiting for the recognition of its real work, it can in many ways secure and strengthen its position in the goodwill of most, at any rate, of the parents whose children pass through its doors.—I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

#### LORD ROSEBERY'S INVOCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 26 November, 1900.

SIR,—The note struck by Lord Rosebery in his rectorial address to the students of the University of Glasgow on the 16th instant will, doubtless, die away after the address has received, in the press, the measure of praise due to its patriotic tone, its general excellence, and the high position of its author.

But, in the hurry of hasty comment, it is to be feared that the true inwardness of the discourse will escape the sustained attention it deserves, even if its unpleasant connotations were not sufficient to secure for it the indifference of an unthinking nation. And yet, it sounds a note, if not of alarm, at any rate of serious warning, which should not be lightly disregarded.

It is by a public man of Lord Rosebery's eminence the first serious public utterance that most of us can remember in which a call to introspection takes the place of flattery, and instead of increasing our self-conscious pride and somewhat arrogant insularity, bids us rather look at the other side of the shield and view, with chastened feelings, the national faults of character, which are largely responsible for most of the evils from which we suffer at home and for nearly all the dislike we excite abroad.

This statement is, of course, a wide generalisation, and, like all generalisations, is subject to exceptions, or, to speak more correctly *dans l'espèce*, to several minor reservations. But in the main, it is substantially true, and known to be so by those who have had adequate opportunities of forming an opinion based on large experience and close observation of our methods, our manners, our deficient education, our intellectual limitations, and our curious, offensive blend of hypocrisy and religion.

With one exception, at the end of his address, where Lord Rosebery allowed the cloven hoof of intolerance to show itself, he was much too polite to leave the safe ground of litotes, and perhaps neither the circumstances nor the occasion would have justified him in speaking his mind more plainly; but the public press is, or ought to be, an open arena for the free expression of thought and the free discussion of all subjects of public interest and national importance, and should Lord Rosebery's discreet call to the nation to pause and consider the present position, fall upon deaf ears, it is the duty of the press to keep the question alive until it shall have been forced into the front rank of pressing questions.

It is much to be regretted that Lord Rosebery should



have disfigured an otherwise wholly admirable address by denouncing as heedless and cynical those who, unlike him, do not see in the wealth, extent, and greatness of our Empire more the guiding hand of a divine providence than the energy of a stalwart race of men struggling for existence and supremacy in a world into which they have been born, not by a miracle of parthenogenesis but—in the usual way. Lord Rosebery is at liberty to believe what he pleases, but he is not entitled to hurl epithets at those who do not share his religious convictions. His introduction of the Deity into his address was perhaps unfortunate, for, be it observed, that in seeing the hand of God in the development of this nation's destiny, he says, in effect, that the methods by which it has been achieved are God's methods. Rather, to those who, in spite of his sneer, are neither cynical nor heedless, do his words sound like rankest blasphemy, for the means by which this Empire, and, for the matter of that, other leading nations of the world have been formed and have grown, carry in themselves the violation of every divine command.

Instead of being indifferent to the opinion of other nations and the criticisms they pass upon us, we would be more usefully employed in correcting our faults, and in trying to make our neighbours understand that, even in the pursuit and protection of our own interests, we do always desire to be just and fair, in spite of our unintelligent inconsistencies.

For the misapprehension that exists as to our true character, we ought perhaps largely to blame ourselves. We have set up the standard by which we are judged, and, in the nature of things,—for it cannot be otherwise—we have been found wanting. We have sailed under the banner of religion. It was, in reality, the flag of cant. Religion has very little to do with the navigation of the ship of Empire. The seaway has been cleared by force and bloodshed, and by force and bloodshed it has been maintained. That is not religion; it is not even religious. Let us have done with shams, and, keeping religion for a later time when, if it survive, it will be something more than a name, let us pursue, if we must, our imperial destiny in the only way open to us as long as the world is governed by might, comforting ourselves, as best we may, with the reflection that our rule carries with it personal liberty, freedom of commerce, ordered government, and an honest attempt at even-handed justice. We can defy any of the older nations of the world, except France, to produce as noble a record of effort in the cause of humanity as this country has to show. That is our defence, and it entitles us to claim, from human judges, who are not in a position to throw the first stone, recognition of the work we have done in the world and, as far as they are concerned, a free pardon for our sins. The end *may* justify the means. Who knows? Let us hope that it is so.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. N. SAMSON.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY AND THE LONDON FLOWER WOMEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

SIR,—The trying winter months are invariably a time of trouble and distress for the 3,000 street flower sellers of the Metropolis and unhappily they seldom have any reserve to fall back upon in dark days, and we are as a consequence confronted about Christmas-time with a good deal of pitiable suffering and want and we have had the privilege for many years through the thoughtful generosity of the charitable public of casting a gleam of sunshine into the dreary homes of many of these poverty-stricken women. We are anxious this year to provide the materials for at least 1,000 Christmas dinners as well as to supply a few extra comforts to the sick and infirm most of whom we are in close touch with all the year round. Then our crippled girls at the Industrial Home and our 125 orphan waifs at Clacton have also to be thought of, and made happy by a little Christmas fare and special enjoyment. We shall be most thankful for any help. Your obedient servant, JOHN ALFRED GROOM, Secretary of the Flower Girls' Christian Mission.

#### REVIEWS.

##### A BOOKMAKER ON THE EAST.

"The Far East: Its History and its Question." By Alexis Krausse. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 18s.

THIS is an irritating book. There are numerous inaccuracies. The style is irregular. Words are misused. Grammar and punctuation often leave much to be desired, and the same propositions are re-stated with what Mr. Krausse calls (p. 175) "oft-repeated iteration." Yet the defects are less in material than in the essential "capacity for taking pains" to check, revise and correct. There are clearly written passages; and the concluding chapter, how full soever it may be of contentious matter, gives evidence of reflection and grasp.

The statement on the first page, for instance, that China "was not visited by a European till the close of the thirteenth century" surely overlooks the intercourse with Rome. Roman emissaries came to China as early as the beginning of the Christian era. There is no evidence, certainly, that they were Europeans; they may have been Syrians; and we make Mr. Krausse a present of the doubt. To one who has studied Abel Remusat's treatise on the intercourse of Europe with the Mongol Emperors, the statement (p. 17) that "for upwards of 200 years after the departure of the Polos from China, no European entered the portals of the Far East" seems equally rash. There is implied inaccuracy, too, in speaking (p. 16) of Nicolo Polo's journeys without mentioning his brother and companion, Maffeo; and it is incorrect to say that Kublai Khan had recently transferred his capital to Cambaluc "from Nanking." One of Marco Polo's most interesting chapters describes the luxury of the Imperial Court at "Hangchow" during the closing years of the Sung dynasty which the Mongols overthrew. Port Hamilton cannot be called an island (p. 7): it is formed by a group of three islands. It is incorrect to say (p. 41) that Admiral Hope established consulates at Nanking and Wuhu in the course of a voyage up the Yangtze after the signature of the Treaty of Tientsin. Wuhu was only opened as a Treaty Port by the Chefoo Convention of 1876, as Mr. Krausse himself notes on p. 44; and although Nanking was declared a Treaty Port by the French Treaty of Tientsin, no consul was appointed there till 1899. It is equally inaccurate, therefore, to say (p. 105) that it still "remains closed to Europeans;" for English and French consuls were accepted, last year, directly France and England expressed a desire to exercise their Treaty right. It is due to haste, no doubt, that we are told (p. 9) that "the remarkable strides in progress made by the Japanese during the last 50 years has placed the country in a pre-eminent position;" that the King of Korea (p. 95) solemnly *adjudged* his vassalage to China in 1895, and that Primorsk is spelt Promorsk on p. 12. But why the well-known port of Newchwang should be systematically spelt Newchang is less easy to explain. Nor is the habitual use of the term "Yangtze Kiang" altogether excused by the fact that it is a frequent sin. Kiang means river; and we do not talk about "the exploiting of" (p. 41) the Rhone fleuve or the Danube Fluss. Can the United States truly be said (p. 13) to have obtained the Philippines as "part of the indemnity from Spain at the termination of the Cuban War," when they were bought with a great price? To say (p. 9) that "French Indo-China, a conglomeration of provinces absorbed during the past forty years, comprises the kingdoms of Annam, Cambodia, Cochin China and Tonkin" is surely redundant. Are not provinces and kingdoms in this case equivalent terms? It seems rather an omission, in speaking of Dutch enterprise in the East, not to mention their curious settlement in Decima or their prolonged occupation of Formosa. It is a distinctly inadequate description of the Gordon episode to say (p. 41) that "the British Government; seeing that stern measures of repression were necessary, sent [?] lent] Major Gordon, an Engineer officer, to the Chinese Government, to lead its army against the Taepings. The success attained by the British officer was instantaneous. He speedily drilled his Chinese troops into form, and marched against the rebels with such unvarying success that he gained for them the title of the

'ever victorious army.' By these means the Taepings were soon subdued, and peace reigned in China once more, thanks to the action of her British invaders." We leave our readers to appraise the composition of this sentence; feeling anxious, rather, for the "political student" whose instruction, we are told in the preface, is designed. What Gordon did was to take command of a special force of several thousand Chinese, already drilled and officered by foreigners, which had been raised originally by an American named Ward, and commanded for a little while, after Ward's death, by Captain Holland R.M.L.I. That he improved this force, and achieved striking successes which contributed materially to the overthrow of the Taepings is, of course, notorious; but Tseng Kwo-fan had long been prosecuting an extensive campaign in the Yangtze region with troops raised chiefly from his native province of Hunan. Nor did the suppression of the Taepings suffice to restore the reign of peace. A so-called Nien-fei rebellion had to be quelled in Shantung, a Mohammedan rebellion in Yunnan, and another in the North-West, before that climax was attained. China did not (p. 43) send Chung How, in 1871, "to represent her as her ambassador in London." Chung How was accredited to Paris, to apologise for the massacre of the French Consul and others at Tientsin. He visited London, incidentally; but the first Chinese Minister accredited to London was Kwo Sung-tao, whose appointment was exacted by Sir Thomas Wade, among other expiatory terms, after the murder of Margary in Yunnan. It is inaccurate to say (p. 44) that the Chefoo Convention "conferred the right of travelling in China on all foreigners provided with passports." That right had been accorded, eighteen years previously, by Art. 9 of the Treaty of Tientsin. What Sir Thomas Wade exacted, in 1876, was a proclamation declaratory of this and other rights. It is inaccurate to say (p. 44) that on the occasion of the Kuldja incident, in 1879, "Colonel Gordon who, since his repression of the Taeping rebellion had become a persona grata with the Peking authorities, succeeded in arranging matters between the Tsungli Yamen and the Russian authorities and avoiding the threatened war." Gordon did respond to an invitation to visit China in 1880; gave much useful advice; and was probably instrumental, to that extent, in averting war. But he had nothing to do with "arranging matters between the Tsungli Yamen and the Russian authorities." The negotiations which produced that result were carried on by the Marquis Tseng and Sir Halliday Macartney, at S. Petersburg, in 1881. "The credit of making Japan available to European commerce" may rest with the United States in so far that Commodore Perry was the first to extract a Treaty from the Shogoon (in 1854); but it is scarcely accurate to say that "with the same Power lies the honour of having inserted the thin edge of the wedge into implacable Korea." Commodore Shufeldt certainly negotiated a treaty with Korea one month before Great Britain and Germany concluded theirs; but Li Hung-chang had persuaded the King to enter into Treaty relations with Western Powers generally, as a safeguard against the apprehended designs of Russia; and priority was accidental. Besides Japan had, as a matter of fact, been the first Power to negotiate a formal treaty with Korea in 1876, although she had been willing to keep the privilege of intercourse for herself. The account (p. 67) of the circumstances attending the murder of Richardson in Japan in 1862 is inaccurate. Shimadzu Saburo was not "marching at the head of a rabble army to urge the Emperor to take measures for the expulsion of foreigners;" nor were "the rebels marching on Yedo gathering strength as they went." The actual facts were narrated in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 25 May, 1895. Those were days when the great daimios were bound to pass a portion of the year in Yedo; and Shimadzu Saburo was returning from one such visit, with a great force of armed retainers, when Richardson and his friends were met riding on the Tokaido, as the highroad is called which runs from the capital towards Yokohama and along the coast. The student in search of a clear understanding may be a little puzzled by the difference between 200 square miles at which the area of the Kowloong extension is stated

on p. 56, and the 400 miles at which it is stated on p. 155; by finding the naval strength of the United States in the Far East stated at *nil* on p. 153; and by the statement (p. 81) that "in the beginning of the 7th century Japan declared war against China in support of Korea. . . . Shortly after this episode occurred the descent of Kublai Khan &c."—"shortly after" represents about 600 years. But we have said more than enough to justify the first clause of our indictment; and can afford space for two or three quotations only in support of the second. In reference to the protective habits of Russia and France, as opposed to the free share of commercial privileges offered by Great Britain and the United States, we are told (p. 103) that "this contrast in method is of the utmost concern to the question of the Far East. It is the true origin of the crux of the matter, and marks the demarcation of interests which has of late years become so acute in Eastern Asia." Now the "true origin of a crux" was previously in doubt: some people have traced it back to Horus. The statement (p. 42) that recognition by the more enlightened Chinese of the services we had rendered in quelling the Taeping rebellion "caused an exhibition of ill-feeling among the 'literati' and certain other official classes; and the animosity exhibited by these against the barbarians in their midst, culminated in a series of disturbances, which had for their object the driving of the hated foreigners from their shores"—may be intelligible, but it assuredly leaves something to be desired in the matter of composition and punctuation. The punctuation, however, is what we once heard a countryman call "wuss than terrible," throughout. The insertion of a comma, for instance, in speaking (p. 149) of Japan's "policy of getting rid of those foreigners she had retained, in order that she might benefit by their instruction" completely alters the (presumably) intended sense. Such phrases as "demanding the respecting of the integrity of China" (p. 128); "the constant threat involved by the continued activity of Russia" (p. 147). "Far-sighted enough . . . she [Japan] appreciates the acuteness of her position" (p. 136) speak for themselves. "Territory . . . attained" (p. 103) should be "obtained." "Erstwhile" is an adverb: to speak (p. 106) of England's "erstwhile" power" is, therefore, grammatically incorrect. We never heard of Robert Bruce (p. 227) having been in China: Lord Elgin's brother's name was Frederick, as Mr. Krausse has already told us on p. 38. Both names are indexed! Nor did we ever hear of a Board of "Rights" at Peking (p. 142), though we have heard of "Rites." "Riverian" (p. 126) is a word for which we have sought vainly in Johnson, Webster and Latham; but then neither do they give "riverine," which is sometimes employed; we fancy we have even seen "riverain." A political student noting "the conclusion of peace (p. 77) by the Treaty of Shimonosaki, negotiated by the Marquis and Li Hung-chang," might be in doubt as to what Marquis is meant, as there is no clue in the immediate vicinity of the sentence to help him.

A statement on p. 145, that "the presence of M. Pavloff at Seoul affords the clearest evidence that a great coup is being prepared, and the measures taken by Russia when she acts, are such as to leave no possibility of making her retreat, when once she has advanced, short of a bloody and costly war"—brings us, in a characteristic sentence, to the "crux" of the book. The shadow of Russia hangs over Korea as well as over Manchuria and North China; and Mr. Krausse loses no opportunity of emphasising the danger it implies or of contrasting Russian methods with our own. "Assuming the test of diplomacy to be its success, Russia must (he affirms) always triumph over Great Britain by force of her superior ability, insistence and lack of scruple, as well as by her disregard of those principles by which the hands of our diplomatists are tied." We should be inclined to add, to the schedule of causes, an attitude on the part of our Foreign Office which has been described in the "National Review" as uniting the foresight of the ostrich to the firmness of the jellyfish. There is much in the charge (p. 215) that our attitude has been deficient in moral courage. We bullied China (e.g. the Peking-Hankow Railway), instead



of standing up to Russia, with the inevitable result of losing "face" and losing ground. The episode was characteristic, and Mr. Krausse's vigorous indictment of successive British Governments (e.g. pp. 194 et seq.) will have the sympathy of British communities in the Far East. What is needed, however, is an awakening in England of public interest; and we regret to have been obliged to criticise somewhat keenly a book designed to contribute towards that result. The defects are the more regrettable because they fail to hide evidences of political acumen. The contrast between Japan and China (p. 134) is tersely put: though the good qualities ascribed to the Chinaman (on p. 107) may incline us to think the venality and corruption of the official classes somewhat overdrawn: a man who is absurdly underpaid must peculate to live, and is very likely to make undue use of his opportunities. But the Chinaman is, after all, not so much overtaxed as badly taxed; and the comparison (pp. 216-7) between Russian civilisation and Chinese civilisation, between the corruption of the Mandarin and that of the Tchinovik, between the relative degrees of industry, education, and freedom of the masses in Russia and in China, deserves the thoughtful consideration of those who are dazzled by the personal amiability of the Tsar. The conflicting interests of Russia and Japan in Korea; the growing interests of the United States and Germany; the preponderant interests of Great Britain, and the conflicting policies which these several nations represent are clearly perceived and stated in terms which, if lacking in finish, are not lacking in force. The misfortune is that the reader, when he finds the same propositions restated again and again, in successive chapters, under different heads, will be apt to skip and, in skipping, to pass over other matter which the new headings suggest. The collection of treaties and agreements printed in Appendix B is useful for reference, but might have been made more complete by the addition of the series relating to French Indo-China and Kwang-chow Bay.

#### THE SNIPPETT-MAKER'S PARADISE.

"The Story of My Life." By Augustus J. C. Hare. Vols. IV., V., VI. London: George Allen. 1900. 31s. 6d.

WE would congratulate Mr. Hare on the completion of his serial, although he candidly informs us that he is so fully "aware of the indescribable incapacity and indolence" of reviewers that he does not "care at all" for their verdicts. We might perhaps ask in that case why he takes the trouble and expense to ask them to read what he has written, but we prefer more simply to point out that as to "incapacity" a reviewer's mouth is necessarily closed, but that as to "indolence" the charge is ridiculous. A reader who has read, and we have read, these three volumes (Vol. IV. 486 pp., Vol. V. 468 pp., Vol. VI. 595 pp., total 1,549 pp.) can be called "indolent" with as much justice as the author Mr. Hare himself. Mr. Hare is at pains to inform us at least twice that "if he is interested in a story he likes it to be a long one," and he has given the best proof of his "likes" that an author can. Now we recognise frankly that Mr. Hare is entitled to write "the story of his life," in which he is no doubt more than "interested," at such length as he pleases, as short as Tacitus' "Life of Agricola" or Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," or as long as Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," Goethe's "Wahrheit und Dichtung," St.-Simon's, Horace Walpole's Memoirs, or a Chinese drama. What we do protest against is the misnomer with which he has labelled the six volumes of which the three before us are the concluding instalment: "The Story of My Life!" But that is precisely what it is not. Had Mr. Hare lived in the seventeenth century he would have called it "The Story of My Life, with diverse curious narrations and romances, to which are added many interesting reflections and singular comments on the countries of Europe, and numerous persons of quality." For Mr. Hare has put together excerpts from the lives and stories of many people, and used them to form the elaborate fringe to the tiny and sober stream that represents his own modest passage through this tangled

vale of tears. With an industry truly prodigious, he has noted on his shirt cuff, and then in his diary, every story, every tale, every retort, every witticism made in his hearing, or indeed in the hearing of his informants, including some hundreds of persons, from crowned heads, duchesses and children, to pedlars and tourists; and through this labyrinthine jungle he and his autobiography proper play at hide and seek with the reader. The malicious spectator might conclude at the first inspection of these six stout volumes that their author must, like a famous orang-outang, have "too much ego in his cosmos." On the contrary Mr. Hare is guiltless of such superb egoism; the charge is false as we will prove up to the hilt. To begin with, of these fifteen hundred odd pages at least four hundred are filled with gossip and tales wholly irrelevant to this or any other biography. Mr. Hare, in short, kindly acts as the phonograph of the exalted circles in which he has been privileged to move, for the benefit of the less privileged. Open the volumes where you will and the eye catches entries like these: "Oct. 31. Lady Waterford said 'Now I must tell you a story'" (two pages of small print): "October 27. Mrs. Forester . . . has told me much that is curious" (six pages of small print). Assuredly Sir Michael Grant Duff will have to look to his laurels; Mr. Hare is ready to give even that incomparable serial Diary three volumes and a beating. In the second place, at least two hundred pages must be occupied with records such as this. "July 10. A charming party at Syon where I walked with dear Lady Barrington" (eleven lines of small print with the names of the guests). These extracts are probably very interesting to the diarist and his personal friends, but—well it is not necessary to quote a famous remark of Macaulay's on the jokes in Southey's "Colloquies of Society." It reposes already, no doubt, in Mr. Hare's carefully indexed and elaborate Commonplace Book. In the third place, at least four hundred pages are surrendered unconditionally to guide-book matter, conveyed in Mr. Hare's unique and famous guide-book style. For on examination "The Story of My Life" proves to be also a copious handbook to "The Mansions of England," with remarks on their owners and those who may be met there. Of the accuracy and taste of these remarks we are wholly precluded from judging, and we leave them to the ladies and gentlemen concerned, simply quoting two samples. The present Viceroy of India will be relieved to learn that "he is the sort of fellow" Mr. Hare "takes to at once," and here is something about Mr. Grote. "When Jenny Lind was asked what she thought of Mr. Grote, she said he was 'like a fine old bust in a corner which one longed to dust.' Mrs. Grote dusted him."

So that, putting two and two together, we see that some three or four hundred pages are left for Mr. Hare's life. And he would be an impudent, as well as an incapable and indolent, reviewer who ventured to suggest that Mr. Hare was not entitled to 400 pages.

The idle, the curious, the sleepless, the people who would bind Burke and Debreit between their Bibles and their Prayer-books will revel in these volumes; they will be a god-send to the paste-and-scissors sub-editors of "Answers," "Tit-Bits," "Modern Society" and to the diner-out as he fastens his tie. Nor will their benefits end here; for we would respectfully recommend "The Story of My Life" to the "Times" and Mr. Harmsworth as the nearest approach to an Encyclopædia Britannica—a work in short that will when properly advertised and distributed afford sound, pure, and edifying, reading for many months to the fire-side alike of the palace and the cottage.

#### EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"History of Exeter College." By Wm. Keatley Stride. "College Histories." London: Robinson. 1900. 5s. net.

THE history of Exeter College is in many ways an attractive study, for it is a faithful mirror of the general life of the University, and combines almost all the characteristics which lend an interest to the history of a college. In past centuries Exeter was never quite on the crest of the wave of any great movement.

It was not like Merton the nursery of great schoolmen before the Reformation. It was not like Lincoln or Oriel the centre of the Evangelical or of the Tractarian revival. But its history reflects all the changes that passed over the University; and its members played a not inconsiderable part both on the academic stage and in the world outside. Exeter College also illustrates the influence of local connexion on the fortunes of a college. It was founded under the name of Stapeldon Hall by Walter of Stapeldon Bishop of Exeter in 1314, being thus the fourth in point of seniority among the Oxford colleges. The Scholars or Fellows thirteen in number including a Chaplain Fellow, were all to be natives of the diocese of Exeter. Exeter was in a special sense the college of the south-west of England, as Queen's and Brasenose afterwards were the colleges of the north and north-west. This was a matter of much importance in the days when north and south were arrayed against one another, and each half of England elected its own Proctor. The founder of Exeter like the founder of Merton was a great statesman, and had the same ends in view. Only one of the Fellows of Exeter, the chaplain, was required to be in full orders. The colleges whose statutes were modelled on those of Merton were not founded to be seminaries of priests, but to impart an education which should fit a man to do his duty in active life. When Stapeldon was murdered by the London mob, he left his new foundation at Oxford slenderly provided for. But the importance of a college has never depended solely on its wealth. Exeter soon began to rise. It was deeply affected by the great religious movement of the fourteenth century. Some of the Fellows of Exeter were tainted with Lollardism, and Rygge, who as chancellor of the University had to deal with Archbishop Courtenay, was an Exeter man. The most important event in the history of the college after its first foundation by Stapeldon was its second foundation under the name of Exeter College by Sir William Petre. The Petrean statutes though adapted to suit the times were on the whole conservative. Two of the changes introduced had in later days a considerable effect. The rectorship which had formerly been an annual office, was now made permanent, and the fellowships were opened to natives of counties in which Petre had property, as well as to Devon and Cornish men. The greatest period in the past history of the college was the seventeenth century. Prideaux and Hakewill who were rectors before and during the Great Rebellion were both eminent men.

The college in those days had on its books a large number of names which became noteworthy in English history. After the Restoration Exeter College like the rest of the University began to decline, though there were still distinguished men among its sons. Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury was a gentleman commoner, and has left an amusing record of his experiences. Clifford, afterwards a member of the Cabal Ministry, was also at Exeter ten years after. The college seems to have been infected with the Deism current at the end of the century. Tindal, who matriculated at Lincoln, passed over to Exeter, and remained a member until he was elected Fellow of All Souls, and Dr. Bury who was deprived of the rectorship in 1695 was a Deist. During the eighteenth century Exeter was no better or worse than its neighbours. There were domestic or academic quarrels, and political party feeling to enliven the dullness of the University. Conybeare was the only eminent rector, but some distinguished men, such as Archbishop Secker, Sir Michael Foster, judge, Samuel Wesley, the father of John Wesley, Maundrell, the traveller, and Benjamin Kennicott, were members of the college. Exeter was one of the four Whig colleges, and some preferment fell to its lot. The rectors of the old style did not come to an end until the death of Dr. Jones in 1838, in connexion with which Mr. Stride tells an amusing story.

In the nineteenth century Exeter was keenly interested in the Tractarian movement. The rector, Dr. Richards, was the only head of a college who showed kindness and consideration to J. H. Newman in his hour of trial. Among the Fellows were Brande Morris, who joined the Church of Rome with some other

members of the college; Jacobson, afterwards bishop; J. A. Froude, who resigned his fellowship under the suspicion incurred by his early works; and Dr. William Sewell, whose half-conscious eccentricities and exaggerations somewhat obscured his solid merits and great services to the Church of England. For all these matters we must refer our readers to Mr. Stride's brightly written pages. He tells the story of this, as of the last, century with much appreciation and point, and while he brings the personality of his characters into strong relief he has said nothing which ought to cause annoyance to any living person. He is not to be blamed for describing undergraduate life with considerable detail. The changes in the lighter pursuits of Oxford are as great, and in some ways as significant, as the change in study and habits of thought. But Mr. Stride wisely cuts the main thread of his narrative with the death of Dr. Richards, and the University Commission of 1854. He may be congratulated on the success with which he has accomplished his purpose of producing a college history which, to borrow the closing words of his book, "will not be without its interest both for the general reader, and for the members of that college for whom it was originally designed."

### NOVELS.

"The Visits of Elizabeth." By Elinor Glyn. London: Duckworth. 1900. 6s.

Elizabeth is a real creation—a delightfully innocent débutante in some ways, the most appalling of enfants terribles in others, but always and everywhere a charming and healthy specimen of the best type of English girlhood. She takes us, in a series of letters to her mother, through successive visits to English and French country houses, holding the scales with exemplary impartiality when she weighs the merits of the two nations and introducing us to a great variety of hostesses and house parties with constant truthfulness and corresponding misconceptions. Altogether a difficult piece of work excellently well performed—hardly to be recommended virginibus puerisque, but wholesome and delectable reading nevertheless.

"The Way Out." By G. B. Burgin. London: John Long. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Burgin is happier in his handling of Canadian than of London themes. His latest novel, for all its melodrama, amuses, even though the heroine's father has strayed from the province over which Mr. Bret Harte still reigns, and the semi-villain redeems his past by retiring, like Thoreau, to a hermitage in the woods, less peaceful than the recluse's hut in "Walden." We trust that the Society of the Honourable Order of Baronets will turn their attention to malevolent novelists. Mr. Burgin had no conceivable reason for making the said semi-villain a baronet, except that that is one of the rules of the game in novels of this kind.

"Trinity Bells: a Tale of Old New York." By Amelia E. Barr. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.

Miss Barr is at her best when she holds the dreams, the hopes and the fortunes of some delightfully united family household in the hollow of her hand, gently dealing out to each individual, the joys and surprises, the love and sorrow inseparable from life. As a picture of "Old New York," a hundred and more years ago, the book has a charm of its own. The tale is really one for the young—and would be really "a boon to mothers," were it not that the advanced maiden of the present day would hardly lay its teaching to heart.

"Edmund Fulleston." By B. B. West. London: Longmans. 1900. 6s.

Among the principal characteristics of this book is a ponderous judiciousness, which is not in the least incompatible with resolute stolidity. This phrase, which we have borrowed from Mr. West himself, gives a fair idea of his story and his style. The two abnormally uninteresting families whose aims and experiences he describes with complacent prolixity would break down the patience of the most hardened novel-reader.



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## THE DECEMBER REVIEWS.

The Foreign Office and the War Office will find the leading Reviews and Magazines for December sufficiently lively reading—if, that is, they condescend to read such things. Foreign affairs and the army are the chief subjects dealt with. It is true there are many other features which should not be missed. For instance, in the "Fortnightly" there is an excellent article on the German Emperor by Herr Ludwig Klausner-Dawoc and a suggestive article by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott on "Lord Rosebery's Chance." Mr. Marriott urges that Lord Rosebery should take a hint from the lives of Bolingbroke and Peel in the art of uniting a party. The essential to success however—strength of character—is lacking, and Lord Rosebery is more fitted to play the part of Peel in 1846. The supplement to the "Fortnightly" in the shape of Mr. Barrie's play we can hardly regard as adding to the value of the "Review" intellectually. In the "Nineteenth Century" there is Mr. Plunkett's very able paper on "Balfourian Amelioration in Ireland" and the great work for which he was made a scapegoat by the malcontent Unionists of Dublin; Mr. Leslie Stephen writes charmingly on Huxley, and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby describes the rôle of society women in eighteenth-century France and nineteenth-century England. In the "National Review," Miss Catherine Dodd draws a comparison between German and English school children, and the Hon. W. P. Reeves explains the position of Colonial Governments as moneylenders. Mr. Samuel Gardiner in the "Contemporary" defends Cromwell against Mr. John Morley's depreciation, and Mr. Andrew Lang writes on Max Müller, concerning much of whose work, he assures us, he knows very little. "Blackwood's Magazine" contains "With Plumer to the Relief of Mafeking" by one of his troopers—"Blackwood's," by the way, has been admirably served by writers of articles of this sort—and an account of a Chinese dinner party.

The most uncompromising of the attacks on the Foreign Office appear in the "National" and the "Fortnightly." In the "Episodes of the Month," in the former, the appointment of Lord Lansdowne is regarded as Lord Salisbury's little joke, and in a contribution by a writer who signs himself "Young England" we are told that it has "paralysed enthusiasm and promises to burke reform." The Cabinet of Twenty is with one exception characterised as "an unheard of assemblage of mediocre minds and conventional personalities." The writer pleads for the creation of a new Fourth Party by independent and youthful Unionists. Hardly less sweeping is the onslaught made in the "Fortnightly" by "Calchas" on "A Cabinet of Commonplace." Again the keynote is bitter resentment of the selection of Lord Lansdowne. It is "a criminal blunder," and the writer refuses to take comfort in the assurance that Lord Lansdowne's work will be revised by Lord Salisbury. "Success in foreign policy depends upon an absolutely personal mastery of the facts. Formerly Lord Salisbury informed himself; but there can be no longer any guarantee that the Prime Minister will be perfectly informed, and we can, therefore, possess no such security as is pretended. Devoid of the special knowledge and address, the experience and training indispensable to sustain the contest of keen wits in this sphere, how is Lord Lansdowne supposed to be able to penetrate his interlocutors in actual intercourse with a Foreign Minister, or to tell more than he has been told when referring matters to the Prime Minister?" "A personal mastery of the facts," whatever may have been the practice of Lord Salisbury, is apparently the thing most needed at the Foreign Office to-day. A very sympathetic critic in "Blackwood's" contends that information is supplied to the Foreign Office but not assimilated, and the faculty of judgment among the permanent officials is "atrophied by disuse." "No matter what the subject may be which comes up for decision, the Foreign Office is taken at a disadvantage. . . . The agents abroad discovering that information is the commodity which is not wanted cease sending it, and these well-trained 'dumb-dogs' are the men who carry off the honours of the service." If the Foreign Office does not deem it part of its duty to study documents sent to it by its agents, it is not likely to devote much time to mere magazine articles. All the same we would recommend study of two papers in the "Contemporary"—one on Chinese, the other on Russian foreign policy. In the first, Mr. John Ross traces the springs of Chinese policy to fear that the "red beards" of the West seek only to seize Chinese land; he supplies plenty of evidence, especially in the action of France, that the fear is not wholly without cause. In the second article, "A Russian Publicist" indicates some of the economic conditions and considerations which will prevent Russia from plunging into war for the sake of mere territorial aggrandisement.

"Blackwood's" continues its articles on "Army Reorganisation," dealing this month with training and redistribution in relation to training and to mobilisation for war. The aim of the writer is to see the troops on the home establishment placed on such a footing of preparedness as to be able at once to meet a European army in the field. How deficient is the present training of the Army, Captain A. G. Boscawen, M.P. makes clear in a long and valuable paper in the "National." As a member of the auxiliary forces who has had occasion to take soldiering seriously for the last few months, his criticisms are

very much to the point. Ridiculously short as the time devoted to musketry and field training is, Captain Boscawen says that even this is largely wasted and he asks pertinently: "What is the use of teaching a man to shoot standing at 200 yards. Whoever would be such a fool as to stand up at such a range when opposed with modern weapons?" Field days as at present carried out are often little better than a farce. "After such a training," said the Colonel of a regular battalion, "half the men would be lost in real warfare in teaching the other half how to fight." What is really wrong in the Service, in Captain Boscawen's opinion, is "the awful 'system' under which soldiers live and die. The 'system' is a truly terrible monster pervading everything, smothering everybody with pipeclay and binding them hand and foot with red tape, shedding a blight on the whole Army." Of the 2,196 Queen's Regulations 71 apply to questions of dress, four to musketry and one to field training! Comment on such a "system" is almost superfluous. We have heard so much that is good of the non-commissioned officer from time to time that it is surprising to learn from an article in "Macmillan's" that the Reservist non-com. has been a failure in the present war. "Are We Really a Nation of Amateurs?" asks Sir Herbert Maxwell in the "Nineteenth" in reply to Mr. George Brodrick. He succeeds in showing that Mr. Brodrick is very much of the amateur critic, but he cannot deny that there is vast room for improvement, especially in the matter of the education of Army officers, a subject discussed by Dr. T. M. Maguire in the "National." Recently, says Dr. Maguire, "the 'Times' declared that if, as Wellington is falsely alleged to have stated, Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, Colenso was lost there. No modern battle was won by men who had not been as prominent in the study as on the playing-field. And whatever may have been the case in the past, it is clear that for the future, if the English upper and middle classes are not as well educated before the age of twenty-one as are Germans, Japanese, or Yankees of the same rank and time of life, our Empire will be ruined, or, if preserved, only saved by Colonists, German immigrants, the pupils of 'stickit ministers' from north of the Tweed, Irish 'Intermediate' boys, and Jews." Whether the education of the German or the Japanese would have fitted them to cope with such a crisis as that in South Africa better than the British officer has done, is a point which few stay to ask.

## GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Aus Englands Flegeljahre.* Von Dr. Alexander Tille, 1890 bis 1900 Dozent an der Universität Glasgow. Dresden: Reissner. 1901.

A "Flegel," according to the dictionaries, is a lout or a clown, and the "Flegeljahre" of an individual are the years of his hobbledehoyhood. The title of Dr. Tille's book may accordingly be translated, in strict conformity with the latest commonplace of the newspapers, as "In Hooligan England." And in this regard it resolves itself into a deliberate indictment of the country which hospitably entertained the author from 1890 to the present year of grace. It is true that the "England" where Dr. Tille was at home is situated north of the Tweed, and that the England—poor England!—whose dust he indignantly shakes off is that larger country which we call the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. But for once, we fancy, our Scottish friends who protest against the use of the word "England" to designate the whole British Empire will not be inclined to cavil. Dr. Tille's impressions of "Hooligan England" were formed in the city and university of Glasgow; his well-merited rebuke to the unmannerly students who stormed his lecture-room last summer is cast in the form of an attack on the whole nation. Now, if we remember the circumstances aright—and there is nothing in Dr. Tille's preface in the least at variance with our recollection—the learned Professor had the assurance last summer to defend the cause of the Boers in a public lecture at Glasgow. We do not wish to condone the expressive action of his audience, which has led to his resignation of his chair; but we do venture to think that, as a foreigner living in Scotland during the progress of a British war with which his own countrymen did not sympathise, it would have accorded better with the first elements of courtesy if Dr. Tille had not thus departed from his ordinary professorial duties. And we venture further to believe that he would better have consulted his own dignity if he had not set himself, immediately on his arrival home, to use his personal chagrin as a kind of national grievance, and to pretend to see in the riot of young blood at Glasgow the indiscretion of "Hooligan England."

We cannot think Dr. Tille a wise man. There is too much myopia in his vision, and the bias of his own experience has perverted his whole point of view. What sane historian, for example, could write that the decade from 1880 to 1890 comprised "the childhood of modern England," when perhaps there was never a period in which the marks of senile decay were so plainly visible in the face of a great Empire? The contention is as absurd as the

(Continued on page 732.)



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next proposition that all this innocent joyousness—the child's play of the Home Rule Bill, for instance!—"was altered in 1890. At that date," continues our Emeritus Professor, "unsuspected limits were suddenly set by a political, economic, and social development to this childlike delight in life." Now the year 1890, with all due respect to Dr. Tille, has no significance whatever in the annals of British history. We can discover with the utmost diligence no important indication of the complete change which is recorded—"All das ward anders"—except that in the course of that year Dr. Alexander Tille landed on these shores from the Fatherland. The event is not included in the "Times" summary of the epoch, nor should we have lighted on its meaning, if Dr. Tille himself had not drawn out at some length the striking comparison between his personal experience and the complexus of national life. As this passage is of interest as a key to the bulk of the book, we venture to reproduce it:—"When in the year 1890, I was summoned as a youth of four-and-twenty to tutorial work in Scotland, and ascended for the first time a British academic chair, Great Britain glittered in my eyes with many facets of youthful ideals. When in the year 1900 I was insulted by a mob of Scottish students in the middle of the Boer war, and straightway resigned my post, and despite all efforts to retain my services returned to my own home, those ideals had been somewhat damaged . . ." But suppose that the Glasgow mob had never hooted in the lecture-room, or supposing, better still, Dr. Tille had never discussed the Boer war in that consecrated place, how would those ideals be now? To this question the good doctor offers no serious reply, though he gives us two pages of information to show that he has "done more than any other German to promote the exchange of industrial and intellectual knowledge between the two countries." Alas, for the shades of Professors Max Müller and C. A. Buchheim! We have paused too long at the portico of this pretentious and injudicious book to attempt to analyse its contents. We can but trust that it will fail to convince any impartial German reader.

*Der Werth der Wissenschaft: freie Gedanken eines Naturforschers.* Von Raoul Francé. Dresden: Reissner. 1900.

We are indebted to the same publishers for a book of a very different kind. Herr Francé is a disciple of Nietzsche, and makes a frank endeavour to break away "into the woods and hills" from the false bias of self-importance inevitable to personal experience, from the persistent delusions of hope, and the heavy demands of a party spirit—in a word, as he himself says, "from the bad taste of conviction and the tactless desire to convince." The two parts of his examination into the value of knowledge are entitled "Socratism in Philosophy," and "The Philosophy of a Socratic." His application of the Socratic method to the history of nature and man is reinforced by the wisdom of Schopenhauer and Goethe, and other modern prophets and seers. "True philosophy," he concludes, "is not knowledge, but the artist's intuition;" and with this quite reasonable verdict we must apparently join the further conclusion of the whole matter: "True culture is the cultivation of the genius." Thus Nietzsche is piled on Socrates, to the confusion and bewilderment of all honest plodders on the road to truth. Dr. Francé tells us somewhere in this book that "nine nature-philosophers out of ten who have persevered to this point will now lay the book down. The tenth waits and thinks. Accordingly, I address myself to the tenth." Now, as the number of nature-philosophers in any census of any population—since that, perhaps, of early Ionia—cannot be said to be large, and as our author is content to address himself to one-tenth only of that fraction, we may fairly say that his "free thoughts" will not find a very wide audience. But the few to whom they will appeal will find them stimulating reading, not very unlike in some respects the unconventional philosophy in Richard Jefferies' "Story of My Heart."

*Handelsgeschichte des Altertums.* Von Prof. E. Speck. Band I.: *Die Orientalischen Völker.* Leipzig: Brandstetter; London: D. Nutt. 1900.

Recently we were told, by a distinguished professor of history in this country, that it was still impossible to write a connected history of commerce, owing to the inchoate condition of the raw material of such a work. The first volume of Professor Speck's survey of that field in antiquity will go far towards removing that obstacle; the more so, because it does not pretend to advance the cause of original research, but rather to collect and co-ordinate the results already attained. This is precisely what is wanted, and the London School of Economics might well create a studentship for the purpose of rendering accessible to English readers the labours on which Professor Speck is engaged. Ancient commerce, we may add—and Professor Oliver Lodge will doubtless agree with us—should partly take the place in the new university in the Midlands which is occupied in the Oxford schools by ancient thought. With this recommendation of the present instalment of the work to the attention of our commercial educationists, we submit a brief synopsis of the contents of the volume. It opens with a review in 138 pages of the nature of the subject to be studied, dealing with the elements of commerce, trade routes, navigation, communication by land, commodities, symbols of exchange, points d'appui,

markets, coinage, colonies, and so forth—an extremely valuable chapter in this special branch of universal history. Then the narrative proceeds through another 450 pages to discuss the commercial history and geography (1) of India and China, (2) of Babylonia and Assyria, (3) of Persia, (4) of Egypt, (5) of the Phœnicians, whose activity extended as far as Gaul and Britain, (6) of Arabia, (7) of the Israelites, who have been greater in exile than in Palestine, and (8) of Damascus. We wish the book, and its sequel, the success it deserves.

*Reallexicon der Indogermanischen Altertumskunde. Grundzüge einer Kultur- und Völkergeschichte Alteuropas.* Halbband I. Von O. Schrader. Strassburg: Trübner. 1901. 14m.

The first half-volume of Professor Schrader's Indo-Germanic Lexicon takes us from "Aal" and "Abend" to "Muschel" and "Musikalische Instrumente." The work, as conceived, is far more than a mere dictionary of that period of antiquity. It is an historical, legal, ecclesiastical, and adjectives in -al to the *nth*-power lexicon of the civilisation of ancient Europe. The article on "Erbschaft" (inheritance), for example, covers more than eight pages, and that on "Familie" more than sixteen of Professor Schrader's generous design. So far as we have been able to examine the book, the students will know on its completion as much about the habits and manners of the early dwellers on our continent as the present resources of learning permit. As a type of the interest of the contents, we may select the following remarks from the article on "Blumen":—"The cultivation of flowers was the last stage in the development of field and garden among European mankind. Primitive realists had formed no attachment to these favourites of women and children, as little as their ear was open to the song of the lark or nightingale. This was not altered till the perfumes of flowers were introduced in Europe from the Orient with its greater susceptibility to smell, when the relation of men to nature, in higher circles at least, began to become sentimental. . . ."

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following periodicals: *Deutsche Rundschau* (December), containing, among other articles, some letters from Queen Louisa of Prussia to her brother, the Hereditary Prince George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 1794-1810; *Neue Deutsche Rundschau* (December), with an interesting paper by Dr. Felix Poppenberg on "The Literature of Longing and Fulfilment," a category of criticism peculiarly appropriate to Germany; *Die Insel* (November); *Das literarische Echo* (November 15 and December 1), and *Die Nation* (weekly) which maintains its admirable standard of intelligent German Liberalism.

For This Week's Books see page 734.

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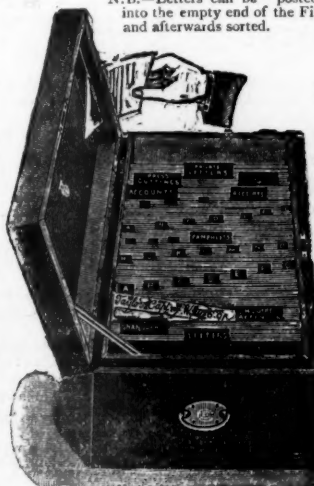
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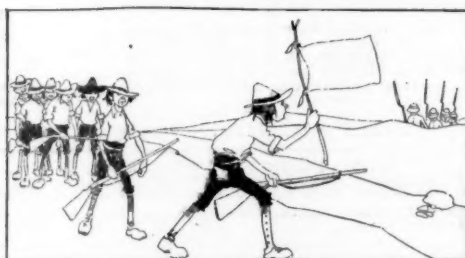
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DEBENTURES OF £50.

4684	4702	4745	4746	4756	4759	4808	4828	4837	4844	4850	4867	4881
4886	4890	4909	4911	4922	4944	4973	4993	5003	5015	5016	5017	5034
5040	5060	5081	5084	5089	5098	5099	5109	5110	5123	5180	5192	5197
5210	5245	5249	5268	5289	5293	5308	5315	5318	5326	5339	5340	5347
5362	5379	5388	5389	5408	5409	5419	5428	5440	5442	5458	5462	5464
5468	5490	5493	5498	5545	5551	5553	5565	5570	5571	5586	5593	5625
5629	5630	5673	5678	5696	5698	5697	5702	5714	5730	5750	5757	5768
5772	5795	5801	5804	5814	5817	5820	5823	5833	5843	5868	5869	5873
5890	5898	5941	5984	5996	5999	6002	6045	6063	6065	6069	6070	6077
6078	6083	6101	6102	6108	6114	6141	6152	6159	6164	6165	6177	6183
6188	6194	6196	6197	6225	6200	6261	6265	6268	6276	6283		

DEBENTURES OF £100.

1139	1140	1144	1168	1167	1190	1206	1211	1216	1221	1232	1236	1239
1250	1267	1265	1275	1280	1296	1310	1325	1330	1331	1348	1352	1361
1369	1376	1408	1413	1460	1469	1471	1474	1478	1481	1494	1494	1501
1515	1518	1520	1542	1552	1555	1556	1562	1566	1580	1612	1616	1635
1636	1644	1645	1646	1647	1666	1674	1678	1683	1710	1712	1730	1735
1737	1776	1801	1803	1805	1807	1828	1844	1855	1871	1887	1890	1899
1915	1917	1931	1994	2011	2025	2035	2045	2075	2081	2092	2104	2120
2133	2136	2141	2143	2174	2180	2199	2223	2234	2244	2251	2271	2285
2294	2316	2326	2334	2341	2342	2350	2363	2368	2375	2393	2406	2408
2410	2445	2449	2457	2506	2528	2559	2585	2588	2633	2654	2655	2658
2713	2714	2730	2744	2767	2777	2818	2826	2839	2850	2853	2866	2881
2885	2888	2899	2902	2908	2914	2938	2939	2941	2971	2989	3014	3020
3021	3035	3040	3046	3062	3066	3062	3074	3092	3098	3103	3110	3112
3115	3136	3139	3162	3182	3192	3231	3239	3243	3257	3263	3272	3274
3315	3322	3327	3360	3362	3363	3369	3395	3398	3400	3425	3431	3434
3435	3462	3487	3465	3477	3494	3519	3526	3529	3555	3556	3558	3563
3584	3604	3608	3625	3638	3648	3650	3661	3653	3661	3671	3677	3680
3710	3712	3714	3716	3717	3729	3738	3744	3749	3768	3771	3780	3783
3786	3787	3797	3802	3816	3828	3834	3840	3842	3861	3862	3868	3909
3959	3962	4006	4026	4027	4040	4080	4081	4111	4119	4123	4127	4140
4155	4159	4164	4167	4169	4186	4187	4201	4204	4223	4228	4239	4251
4262	4266	4269	4277	4306	4308	4316	4319	4324	4325	4327	4351	4359
4365	4374	4409	4418	4425	4428	4430	4432	4456	4461	4465	4477	4483
4493	4498	4508	4560	4569	4607	4617	4621	4623	4628	4648	4649	4658
4674												

DEBENTURES OF £500.

4	14	25	39	65	60	80	91	101	112	139	140	149
191	193	199	217	249	250	254	269	329	338	340	358	363
393	393	406	422	449	459	476	496	512	526	556	560	573
576	578	579	589	597	608	611	619	620	623	634	637	646
667	672	718	730	721	735	741	777	781	801	812	832	832
860	869	870	881	883	891	900	904	912	913	929	945	988
999	1043	1054	1059	1062	1087	1089	1097	1103	1107	1109	1126	

RECAPITULATION.

141	Debentures of £50 each	..	..	..	£7,050
313	" of £100 "	..	..	..	£31,300
90	" of £500 "	..	..	..	£45,000

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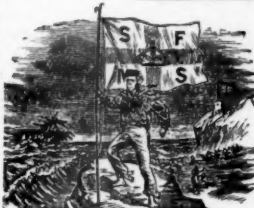
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is the best remedy known for Coughs,  
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effectually checks and arrests those too-  
often fatal diseases: Diphtheria, Fever,  
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acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the  
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Bots. 1-Bots.

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The quality of this wine will be found equal to wine usually  
sold at much higher prices.

14/6 8/3

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higher prices. The appreciation this wine meets with from  
the constantly increasing number of customers it procures  
us in London and the Provinces gives us additional con-  
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wine.

17/6 9/9

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All who know these Wines tell us there is no Claret sold in Great Britain to  
equal them in value.

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# THE Oceana Consolidated Company, LIMITED.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors have the pleasure to submit to the Shareholders the Balance-sheet showing the position of the Company at 30th June, 1900, with Profit and Loss Account for the year ending at that date. The latter shows a credit balance of £94,301 6s. 10d., to which is to be added the balance brought forward from the previous year of £34,270 8s., making a total of £128,571 14s. 10d. available for dividend. Out of this total the Directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 5 per cent., free of income-tax, for the year ending June 30th, 1900, absorbing £74,442 14s., and carrying forward the balance of £54,129 0s. 10d. to the current year. Owing to the war the revenue of the Company naturally shows a decrease compared with the previous year; but, on the other hand, the Directors have been able to effect satisfactory sales of some of the interests in Portuguese East Africa and Central Africa, resulting in a profit of £96,593 9s. 2d.

In order to be in a position to take advantage of the resumption of business in South Africa on the termination of the war, and for other general purposes, the Directors decided, in March last, to issue 194,199 Shares, being practically the balance of unissued Capital, at a premium of 5s. per Share. All these Shares have been subscribed for, and the result is an addition to the cash resources of the Company of nearly £250,000.

A schedule of the Company's investments is annexed hereto. The Directors are satisfied that the value of these, as stated in the Balance-sheet (£1,121,113), is fully justified, and is likely to be materially increased. The Directors are pleased to report that owing to the efforts of the Company's Agents, Messrs. X. Hoffer and L. Blum, who, at much personal inconvenience, remained in Johannesburg during the war, the principal mining assets of the Company in the Transvaal have escaped any material damage. Mr. Wenz, the Mine Manager of the Van Ryn Company, has now returned to Johannesburg, and operations can be resumed at the mine under his able direction as soon as the mining community is allowed to return to Johannesburg. Our agents are also able to report that the Douglas Colliery is in good condition. As regards the Welgedacht property, boring operations have proceeded throughout the war. Two boreholes are being sunk, which so far tend to prove the continuity of the Rand formation within the limits of the farm.

LAND IN THE TRANSVAAL.—It is expected that, with the return of the population to the Transvaal, the Company's lands will be largely benefited; and, though it is premature to discuss at present the means by which our farms (225 in number, with an area of 1,038,000 acres) can be increased in value, the influx of European settlers, which it appears to be the policy of the British Government to encourage, will be carefully watched by your Directors, and every inducement offered to immigrants to occupy the Company's farms on suitable terms.

PRETORIA-PIETERSBURG RAILWAY.—As stated in last year's report, the Pretoria-Pietersburg Railway was taken possession of by the Boer Government in 1899. The Shareholders of the Oceana Company are doubtless aware that outside the late Transvaal Government the Oceana Company virtually holds and controls the entire Share Capital in this Railway. Your interests therein may consequently be regarded as of a preponderating character. The Chairman of the Company is now, we are informed, in South Africa, in charge of the negotiations which will have to be undertaken with a view to enabling the Railway Company to resume the possession and the working of the line. Your Directors will watch most closely the development of these negotiations, and insist upon obtaining for their Shareholders a due and adequate recognition of their commanding interests. The presence of Mr. John Seear as your representative on the Railway Board is a guarantee that this will be done.

ZAMBESIA COMPANY.—The Directors, having realised the large interest in the Zambia Company, have been able to close the Tete Agency, after placing under the care of the Flotilla Company the small interests which the Company still possesses in those districts.

MOZAMBIQUE COMPANY.—Owing to the tact and ability of Senhor Mayrelles do Canto, Governor of the Company, most ably assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Arnold, D.S.O., Mr. Morisseaux, and the other high officials at Beira, the changes in the

management mentioned in last year's report have begun to bear fruit. The local administration is being simplified and improved; the mining department, under the able direction of Senhor Freire d'Andrade, has at last been organised in good order, and the finances of the Company placed under a more regular and approved system of control. These improvements are being strongly advocated by the London, Paris, and Brussels United Committees, and are being gradually carried out, though not without some opposition on the part of the Portuguese Government, whilst the reluctance of the Lisbon Directors to allow the management at Beira more latitude in the direction of local affairs is still to be deplored. It is to be hoped that this retrograde policy will shortly be discontinued, other wise Portuguese interests on the East African coast will be gravely prejudiced through the discontent which is sure to arise amongst the growing population of Beira and of the Mozambique Company's territories generally. The United Committees, who represent practically all the Shareholders of the Mozambique Company outside the Portuguese Government and other holders in Portugal, will lend their friendly services in favour of a liberal policy in dealing with all these questions.

The landing at Beira and passage into Rhodesia of the Imperial mounted troops and artillery under Sir Frederick Carrington were carried out six months ago without a hitch, thanks to the assistance rendered by the high officials of the Mozambique Company at Beira.

BEIRA RAILWAY.—The completion of the ordinary African gauge and system on the Beira Junction and Beira Railways was effected in July last, and through communication is now established between the Port of Beira and Salisbury—a distance of 380 miles. The mining district of Manica should greatly benefit from the facilities which will now exist for a quicker and cheaper transport of machinery and stores to the mines. This especially applies to the Port of Beira, where the Oceana Company holds a large number of town sites and houses.

KATANGA COMPANY.—The results of the past year's working are satisfactory, and show a profit of £39,000, out of which the Company has declared dividends amounting to 87½ per cent. per Share. By a convention signed between the Congo Free State and the Company a permanent Committee, consisting of three Government representatives and two representatives of the Katanga Company, has been appointed to undertake the management of the whole territory, belonging as to two-thirds to the State and one-third to the Katanga Company; the net results of the working to be divided in the same proportions. The best results are to be anticipated from this arrangement, which puts an end to any possible misunderstanding which might arise from the attempted working of territories of which no boundaries have been or can be fixed for many years to come.

FLOTILLA COMPANY.—This Company has considerably extended its operations northwards to the great Lakes. It has established a properly organised transport service by ox-wagons along the Stevenson Road, between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, thereby minimising the risk of delay, which has always been the greatest drawback to transport by carriers, and which was becoming more accentuated every year. The Company is now able to quote through rate, for passengers and goods from London to Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. It is carrying out its contract with the Katanga Company for the transport of steamers, and their erection on Lakes Tanganyika and Moero; and the satisfactory completion of this contract should materially increase the Company's business, in view of the development now going on in the Congo Free State.

Your Directors regret to announce the resignation of Mr. C. D. Rose, whose long connection with the Company has always been of great value to them, also that of Mr. C. A. V. Conybeare and of Mr. Max Lyon. Mr. John Seear and Sir Charles Euan-Smith were elected to seats on the Board, and these appointments you are asked to confirm. In accordance with the Articles of Association, Mr. A. L. Oels and Mr. J. R. Murray retire, and offer themselves for re-election.

Messrs. Welton, Jones and Co., Auditors to the Company, also retire, and offer themselves for re-election.

13 Austinfriars, 4th December, 1900.

H. PASTEUR, Chairman.

## THE OCEANA CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, LIMITED.

### Balance-Sheet at 30th June, 1900.

Dr.		
To Capital—	Authorised—	
1,500,000 Shares of £1 each .. ..	£1,500,000 0 0	
	Issued—	
1,294,663 Shares of £1 each, fully paid ..	£1,294,663 0 0	
194,191 Shares of £1 each, 5s. paid ..	48,547 15 0	
11,145 Shares unissued, Calls paid in advance .. ..	28,046 0 0	
	£1,371,253 15 0	
1,500,000		
Premiums Account—		
5s. per Share on 194,191 Shares as above, less Expenses ..	46,519 7 7	
Bills Payable .. ..	1,967 16 7	
Unpaid Dividends (Oceana Company) .. ..	52 6 0	
Sundry Creditors in London and Africa .. ..	5,531 18 3	
Profit and Loss Account—		
Credit Balance, 30th June, 1899 .. ..	£34,270 8 0	
Profit for year to 30th June, 1900, as per Account herewith .. ..	94,301 6 10	
	128,571 14 10	
Contingent Liabilities—		
Uncalled Capital on Investments .. ..	£80,050 6 0	
Liabilities under Agreements .. ..		
	£1,553,899 18 3	

		Cr.
By Cash in London and Africa .. ..	£56,830 1 1	
Foreign Government Securities, &c., as per Schedule (at cost) ..	56,720 10 0	
Loans against Securities .. ..	193,467 5 0	
	£306,017 16 1	
Sundry Debtors .. ..	13,495 0 7	
Investments as per Schedule (at cost), viz.:		
Railway Shares and Debentures .. ..	£373,078 5 1	
Mining Interests in Transvaal .. ..	690,475 11 8	
Land Interests in Transvaal, &c. .. ..	10,953 10 10	
Territorial and Development Interests in Portuguese East Africa and Congo Free State .. ..	160,781 4 0	
Sundries .. ..	35,927 18 3	
	1,121,113 9 10	
Land in Transvaal (1,033,000 acres) at cost .. ..	53,302 4 11	
Town Sites, Buildings, and Sundry Assets, in and around Beira .. ..	47,255 19 3	
Buildings and Sundry Assets .. ..	10,898 7 8	
Furniture and Fittings .. ..	1,906 19 11	
	£1,553,899 18 3	



## THE OCEANA CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, LIMITED—Cont.

## Profit and Loss Account for the Year ending 30th June, 1900.

Dr.			Cr.
To Directors' Fees, Salaries, Office and other Expenses, London, Paris, and Liabou, less Fees received from other Companies .. ..	£10,359	3	0
Transvaal and Central African Expenses, including Salaries, Rent, Travelling and other Expenses, less Fees received from other Companies .. ..	4,768	10	9
Prospecting and Rent-collecting Expenses .. ..	15,127	13	9
Subscriptions to War Funds .. ..	1,375	11	10
Transvaal Survey Fees and Reserve for Taxes .. ..	260	0	0
French Share Tax .. ..	666	19	9
Depreciations on Furnitures, Buildings, and Sundry Assets .. ..	354	1	0
Preliminary Expenses .. ..	531	9	3
Bad Debt written off .. ..	3,164	17	2
Balance carried to Balance-sheet .. ..	106	13	1
	94,301	6	10
	£115,888	12	8

Examined and found in accordance with the London Books and Vouchers, and with the returns from Africa. The values attached to the investments are introduced on the responsibility of the Directors, and are subject to realisation.  
5 Moorgate Street, London, 4th December, 1900.

The List of Applications will be Opened on Saturday, the 8th day of December, 1900, and Closed on or before Twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday, the 12th day of December, 1900.

## BRITISH EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALASIA, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.

CAPITAL £500,000,

Divided into 500,000 Shares of £1 each.

SUBSCRIPTIONS at Par are INVITED for 150,000 SHARES, payable as follows: 5s. per Share on Application, 5s. per Share on Allotment, and the balance in Calls not exceeding 5s. per Share at intervals of not less than two months.

## Directors.

P. LYTTELTON GELL, Esq., Director of British South Africa Company.  
A. E. MORGANS, Esq., M.L.A., Managing Director of Westralia Mount Morgans Gold Mines Co. (Limited) and Millionaire (Limited).  
Col. A. J. FILGATE, R.E., Directors of Westralia Mount Morgans Gold Mines Co. A. WINTER, Esq., Company (Limited).  
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Secretary and Offices.—H. W. BEAVIS, Esq., 54 and 55 London Wall, E.C.

## PROSPECTUS.

This company is formed as a general exploration and development company, under the direction in Western Australia of Mr. A. E. Morgans, Member of the Legislative Assembly, to acquire and develop in the first place the extensive mineral properties in that colony described in the schedule hereto, to promote remunerative public works conducive to mining interests, and generally to carry on the business of financiers, concessionaires, and contractors for public and private undertakings.

The properties to be acquired consist mainly of valuable gold-mining claims and interests held under the Goldfields Act and Regulations and the Mineral Lands Act and Regulations of Western Australia in a district practically undeveloped. It will be noted from the accompanying reports that some of the claims have been profitably worked up to a point by local owners, whose operations have been restricted for want of the working capital and m-dern plant requisite to handle the large bodies of ore now accessible. In view of the profitable results anticipated from the operations of this company, such owners, when selling, agreed to accept fully paid-up shares in respect of a large proportion of the purchase price.

Important copper and tin properties are also included in the schedule.

All the mines, interests, and claims scheduled have been purchased after personal investigation and inspection by Mr. A. E. Morgans (Managing Director of the Westralia Mount Morgans Gold Mines Company, Limited), the shares of which are earning large dividends and command a high premium, who is well known in the colony as a high authority on all matters connected with mining interests. He re-sells the properties to the Company at a profit, retaining a large interest in its shares, and placing his services at the disposal of the board as managing director in Western Australia.

The properties now acquired are situated in the north-west pastoral territory in the vicinity of Marble Bar, Warrawoona, Nullagine, and Roeburne, their distance from the coast varying from 25 to 130 miles. The Croydon Copper Mine is within 25 miles of the Port of Balla-Balla, whilst the Government road from Port Hedland (a good harbour, upon which considerable outlay has been incurred) passes through Marble Bar to Nullagine. It is anticipated that a railway will be constructed at an early date from Port Hedland through the latter district, as a resolution recommending the construction of the railway was carried in the Legislative Assembly during the Session of 1900.

Reports upon the properties, together with plans, have been submitted by Mr. Morgans and Mr. J. K. Weir, jun. The directors desire to draw attention to the following extracts from Mr. Morgans' reports:—

CHAMBERLAIN MINES.—“About 400 ft. from the south-eastern boundary an underlay shaft has been sunk to a depth of 90 ft. In this shaft the average width of the vein is from 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. At a depth of about 90 ft. from the outcrop of the vein on the other side of the hill, a tunnel of 13 ft. in length has been put in to intersect the vein, which it did, and was driven upon north-east and south-west for a distance of 28 and 25 feet respectively. The ore removed from the vein in carrying out the operations described amounted to 196 tons. This was crushed, and resulted in a yield of 495 ounces of gold, showing an average of about 2½ ounces per ton. On the same reef, at a point where the vein turns to its original direction, another shaft of 30 ft. in depth has been sunk upon a vein about 2 ft. wide. Fifteen tons of this ore gave a return of a little over 300s. per ton in crushing.”

BADEN-POWELL MINES.—“The vein averages in this shaft and open cut from 4 ft. to 9 ft. wide. The whole of the stone taken out during the sinking operations has been crushed without any selection, and has resulted in an exceedingly good yield of gold per ton. The first 340 tons crushed yielded 1,260 ounces of gold, and the second lot of 770 tons yielded 1,188 ounces. This gold has a value of £3 19s. to £4 per ounce. It will be seen from these results that out of this shaft 1,110 tons were crushed, yielding 3448 ozs. of gold. This shows a general average of 3 ozs. 1 dwt. per ton of ore. Tailings from these crushings average from 6 to 8 dwts. per ton, and the blanket concentrates run about 5 ozs. per ton. Taking into account the gold left in the tailings and blanketing, I estimate the fire assay of the vein matter in this shaft at 3½ ozs. per ton. The width of the stone in the shaft is known to be over 5 ft., but as it has not all been taken out between the walls, the exact width is not known. At the bottom of the shaft, which is 140 ft. below the outcrop, the stone is nearly 9 ft. in width, and assays from 2½ to 300s. per ton.”

ROBERTS' MINES.—“The main reef is somewhat flat, and has an average width of a little over 3 ft. An underlay shaft has been put down for about 150 ft. all in gold-bearing quartz of an average value of more than an ounce to the ton. About 80 ft. down this underlay shaft a drive has been put in on the course of the vein for a distance of over 200 ft., in which the vein is found to maintain its width and value. At the bottom of the underlay shaft a drive has been put in for a distance of more than 300 ft., where also the vein maintains its value and width. More than 2,000 tons of ore has been crushed from these drives, and from some stoping that was done a yield of about 23 dwts. per ton was obtained by amalgamation, and about 7 dwts. remained in the tailings.”

NULLAGINE CONGLOMERATES.—“There are at least nine stratified deposits known to exist, varying from 2 to 5 ft. in width, all of which carry gold. . . . All of them are composed of conglomerates in many cases resembling the Banket formations of the Rand. . . . A very large number of samples have been taken from these conglomerate deposits where it has been possible to get at them, and many hundreds of tons have been crushed which have shown an average of more than half an ounce of gold to the ton, obtained upon the plates. It is known, however, that a considerable quantity of gold gets away in the tailings, most of which will be saved when a proper plant has

been erected for their treatment. The successful exploitation of the conglomerates will depend chiefly upon two points, first, a systematic development of the stratified deposits on the most approved plans for extraction of the ore cheaply and expeditiously, and, secondly, upon the erection of a plant with sufficient capacity to treat 200 to 300 tons per day at least. With regard to the developments of these deposits, they lend themselves to the introduction of an economic system, and by sinking a centre shaft at a point north-east of Cook's Hill, the whole of these deposits can be developed and worked from one shaft.

“I have examined most carefully these deposits, and I was greatly impressed with the immense possibilities that may result from their active and systematic development. The great object, of course, to be aimed at is to design the plant and machinery, and lay out the underground workings upon lines that will economise labour. If this is done I am convinced that 6 dwts. per ton will more than pay all the expenses.”

TIN MINES.—“The properties under consideration contain about 140 acres, but there has been very little development work done except in one particular spot, where about 40 tons of alluvial tin have been obtained by sluicing. The shipment of the first 17 tons of this tin, after paying expenses of freight from the coast to Singapore and smelting charges, resulted in a net return of £1,485, or at the rate of £87 per ton. From these figures it will be seen that the alluvial tin from this field is very pure and of excellent quality.”

CROYDON COPPER MINE.—“Up to the time of my visit about 300 tons of ore had been taken from the outcrop and shipped to the smelting works. These shipments resulted in an average of 25 per cent. of copper; since that time a further 150 tons have been shipped, which resulted in an average percentage of 29.55 per cent. of copper, and yielded a net result of £15 per ton.”

“From the foregoing it will be seen that the copper ore in this mine in large quantities has resulted in a very high assay value, and, looking at the fact that the whole of the material taken from the deposit has been shipped without any selection, the result must be looked upon as very gratifying. At the time of my visit the deposit in the 50 ft. level varied from 14 to 17 ft. in width, and was at that time about 60 ft. in length. Samples from the floor of this drive gave averages of over 40 per cent. of copper. The character of the ore is black oxide of copper mixed with considerable quantities of copper sulphide, which is one of the most valuable forms of copper ore.”

The purchase price for the properties has been fixed by the vendor at £310,000, payable as follows: £60,000 in cash, and as to £250,000 in fully paid-up shares.

The vendor will pay all the expenses connected with the formation of the Company up to the day of allotment, including registration and brokerage.

The Directors will not proceed to allotment unless the 150,000 shares now offered are all subscribed for.

The working capital to be provided by this issue is £90,000. The 100,000 unissued shares are reserved to provide further capital as and when required.

The only contracts entered into by the Company are three dated the 6th day of December, 1900, and each contract is made between Alfred Edward Morgans, the vendor, of the one part, and the British Exploration of Australasia (Limited), of the other part.

These contracts, Mr. Morgans' reports, a certified copy of Mr. Weir's extracts, and the memorandum and articles of association can be seen by applicants for shares at the offices of the solicitors to the Company.

The vendor has entered into contracts relative to the formation and issue of the Company; such contracts or some of them may be contracts within Section 38 of the Companies' Act, 1867. Applicants for shares shall be deemed to have full notice of all such contracts and to have agreed with the Company, as trustee for the directors and other persons liable, not to make any claim whatsoever or to institute any proceedings in respect of any non-compliance with the said section or otherwise.

Early application will be made to the Stock Exchange for a special settlement in the shares of the Company.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus and sent to the bankers of the Company, together with a deposit for each share applied for. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than that applied for the surplus will be credited to the payment due on allotment.

## SCHEDULE OF PROPERTIES AND INTERESTS.

Name of Claim.	Area.
Nullagine Conglomerates .. ..	330 acres.
(A Mineral area originally granted by the West Australian Government as a reward under the Mineral Lands Act and Regulations for the discovery of Diamonds.)	
Lease No. 505 .. ..	12 11
“ 523 .. ..	12 11
“ 518 .. ..	12 11
Lease No. 488 (half interest) .. ..	12 11
“ 509 .. ..	12 11
Claim adjoining Leases Nos. 483 and 509 .. ..	22 11
Lease No. 21 .. ..	4 11
“ 3 .. ..	6 11
“ 7 .. ..	18 11
Croydon Copper Mine (near Balla-Balla) .. ..	40 11
Tin Claims near Marble Bar .. ..	140 11

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*Literature.*—"Eleanor," the new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, seems to us her most masterly and most mature production.... The story moves throughout in a high range of emotion, never out of touch with ideas, never commonplace. Sorrowful though it be, it is not depressing or pessimistic, and in the dignified pathos of its end the highly wrought sympathies of the reader sink naturally to repose."

## A DAUGHTER OF THE FIELDS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN,

Author of "The Dear Irish Girl," "She Walks in Beauty," &c.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

*Spectator.*—"Miss Tynan has added, in 'A Daughter of the Fields,' another portrait to her gallery of Irish graces, Meg O'Donoghue.... We confess to have followed her matrimonial manoeuvres with much pleasure."

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

## SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 8 DECEMBER, 1900.

## MR. BINYON'S ODES.

"Odes." By Laurence Binyon. London: The Unicorn Press. 1900. 2s. 6d.

This book contains six odes, and two pieces in slow lyrical measures, such as Mr. Bridges has familiarised us with; done, indeed, too exactly in the manner of Mr. Bridges to be quite satisfying under any other signature. The odes are more original, and, though written with a full consciousness of all that has been done in English poetry, have a personal note of their own. They are written in carefully regular irregular metres, which for the most part have a reticent, measured music, well suited to a form of verse so free and so temperate at once as the ode. At times the slow movement quickens into something very like a jig, and we read, with some astonishment:

"Alas, that the hand should deflower  
The treasure the heart loves best,  
That the will of an alien power  
Should blindly the soul have posset!"

The tune, one sees, has got beyond the singer's control, and it has done so because, even at its best, it has always been something apart from the singer, a thing learned. Mr. Binyon thinks and feels with a kind of distinguished quietude, always poetically. He has an attitude of detachment towards life, a reasonable sympathy with passionate errors; an unprejudiced interest, not only in wisdom, but in "all that wisdom loses to be wise." He feels the charm of old stories, for their own sake, and for the meaning which they seem to carry; and is neither more nor less interested in Tristram, passion's knight, than in the gentle Indian King Asoka. Each is to him a subject for a poem, a piece of ivory to carve delicately; he seems to take it in his hand, turn it over critically, search out all its possibilities of expression or of adornment. As he relates the story, gravely, skilfully, with real poetical feeling, he is able to say things by the way which are no doubt intensely personal to him, his deepest thoughts on wisdom, love, destiny, human affairs. By the way also, he paints little pictures, sometimes in a single phrase or epithet:

"Soft as moths asleep  
Come moonlit sails;"

or, to take another moonlight effect, the sea-cave roof

"Laced with hovering waves."

Each piece has its unity, is a fine, accomplished thing; can be turned over and over, and looked at on every side, like the piece of carved ivory. It is so admirably done that it seems almost ungrateful to hint that anything more need be required of the artist in poetry.

Yet, after all, is not something more required, if we are in search of the finest kind of poetry? Ought not a poem to take hold on one, to have something irresistible in its appeal, to come to one like love at first sight? Mr. Binyon is never arresting for more than the moment in which we delight in one of his felicitously chosen epithets. He interests us rather because we are interested in literature than because we are caught by any personal thrill. He builds up his odes like little picture set beside little picture; we see them take shapely form before our eyes; but there is no ecstasy in these meditations about passion, and about glory, and about wisdom. A passage, a very ingenious passage describing Isoult as she comes to see Tristram die, illustrates Mr. Binyon's manner characteristically:

"Heavy with joy, he sinks upon his knees,  
O had she wings to lift her to his side!  
But she is far below  
Where the spray breaks upon the rusted rail  
And rock-hewn steps, and there  
Stands gazing up, and lo!  
Tristram, how faint and pale!  
A pity overcomes her like despair.  
How shall her strength avail  
To conquer that steep stair,  
Dark, terrible, and ignorant as Time,  
Up which her feet must climb  
To Tristram? His outstretching arms are faint  
To help her, yet are helpless; and his pain  
Is hers, and her pain Tristram's; with long sighs  
She mounts, then halts again,  
Till she have drawn strength from his love-dimmed eyes:  
But when that wasted face anew she sees,  
Despair anew subdues her knees:  
She fails, yet still she mounts by sad degrees,  
With all her soul into her gaze upcast,  
Until at last, at last . . ."

Is not that clearly, sympathetically, dispassionately seen? One realises the position of the two lovers, every external detail is present as the woman climbs the sea-stairs, wonders, as one would in a novel, if she will reach Tristram in time;

but, after all, what scene-painting of passion this is! Be sure, in that supreme moment, neither Tristram nor Isoult saw the stairs, nor the rusted rail, nor the paleness of one another's faces, nor did Isoult know that she drew long sighs, nor that she halted to draw breath on the way. The poet should see no more than Tristram and Isoult saw. Dante faints when too pitiful a story is told him, because he has felt love with the very hearts of the lovers.

#### RULERS OF THE SOUTH.

"Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, Malta." By Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan. 1900. 21s. net.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Marion Crawford, to whose fine imagination and delicate charm of style the world owes so many hours of pleasure, should have aspired to the fame of the historian. One has some difficulty in understanding what fascination lures such a writer from the garden of romance to the bare uplands of historical research, not to be scaled without tears or hard labour, and conferring a more restricted fame when surmounted. The discovery of a fresh chamber of forgotten records may nullify the patient work of a whole life, and ruin all its hopes. But the dreams of a true romancer, as Mr. Crawford surely is, can never lose their charm; they will touch the heart of other ages like our own.

Mr. Crawford has conceived a history, however; a history pure and simple, not, as many people must have hoped, a more discursive book, in which his rich fancy would have served him, and for which he might have set his reaping-hook into that ripe harvest of romance which so few men have attempted to garner out of Southern Italy. It is curious to notice with what care he has resisted the temptation to tell stories which encountered him at every turn in his appointed task. He speaks of the Iconoclasts, but turns a deaf ear to the legends of their works which abound in his own country of Sorrento. He writes of the great Emperor Frederick II., but not of his wizard and astrologer, Michael Scot. That most noble Admiral, Ruggiero di Loria, is dismissed in a sentence, and Mr. Crawford will not pause upon his way to tell us the pretty tale of his daughter, la bella Angiolina, who loved the Dauphin of France and fled with him from Castiglione on the slopes of Etna. He will concede nothing to the love of stories which is eternal in the heart of man. Our improvisatore has turned scholar, and will rather instruct us than delight our fancy.

The pity of it is that when a writer challenges judgment with a history, he provokes at once the question whether, as a history, the book is good or bad. There is no middle course, no shadowland which is neither light nor dark. Now a good history contains many qualities; but this one it must contain—the addition of something to human knowledge, which lays some stone on the cairn and enlightens some nook dark before. So much cannot be said of Mr. Crawford's history. It is written brightly, even charmingly; but that is not enough. The truth is that it contains nothing which has not been said before, and said repeatedly, in books which are quite easily accessible. The great work of Holm on Sicily, the two works of Amari, von Rümer's history of the Hohenstaufen, the lifelong labours of Mr. Hodgkin—the student who possesses these well-known books, with a tolerable history of Naples, will turn away from Mr. Crawford's pages crying "Connu" as he reads each one.

Mr. Crawford conceives of Sicily as "the undying heroine of an unending romance, wooed, won and lost by many lovers." This somewhat fanciful scheme is not perhaps impossible, but what a task to work it out! To tear the heart out of two thousand years of history—a longer period than Gibbon's!—to revivify the deeds of many nations within a space so small that it utterly forbids the use of detail! How strong should be the central force of such a narrative, and how great the peril that it may degenerate into a mere catalogue of unrealised facts, possessing neither value nor significance! Mr. Crawford has not escaped this peril. His best pages are those in which he casts the historian aside, that for instance in which he imagines the destruction of Selinus. The passage is fine and impressive, but with the art of the romancer, not that of the historian. At times the necessity for condensation leads to such absurdities as that of summarising the invasion of Charles VIII. without naming Ludovic Sforza.

In certain places Mr. Crawford has fallen into errors which betoken haste. "About the year 500," he says, "a certain rich man named Garganus possessed a great estate in the land where the city of Manfredonia was afterwards built; and a high hill which is there, and which looks out over the sea, was called by his name, Mons Garganus." This explanation of the name is surely a strange oversight in regard to a spot most important to the narrative. Surely Mr. Crawford, who often quotes Horace, cannot have forgotten "Garganum mugire putes nemus," and again "querceta Gargani laborant,"—the truth being of course that the great mountain boss of Monte Gargano, rising out of the Tavoliere of Apulia with a superb majesty which nothing in Mr. Crawford's words suggests, bore that name from most remote antiquity. Horace saw it from his father's farm near the Ofanto, and it recurred naturally to his mind when he sought for an image of wild solitude.

It is somewhat disappointing that the important part played by the Apulian coast towns in the Norman days is not brought out in this book. Mr. Brokman's beautiful drawings, though by no means linked to the text by any thread, and in fact wandering freely over Sicily and Calabria with perfect independence of the writer, comprise no view of Castel del Monte, the beautiful castle on the hills inland of Barletta which Giannone tells us was the favourite residence of Frederick II. They do not touch Trani, where Manfred met his bride, the unfortunate Queen Helena, and where she was betrayed into the hands of Charles of Anjou. Yet they contain much charming work, which of itself would make the book attractive.

#### HANS ANDERSEN.

"Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen." Newly translated by H. L. Brækstad with an introduction by Edmund Gosse and wood engravings by Hans Tegner. London: Heinemann. 2 vols. £1.

"And the swallow . . . flew back to Denmark, where he had a little nest over the window in the house where the man lives who can write fairy tales. To him he sang, 'Tweet, tweet!' and from him we have the whole story." It must be a very difficult thing to write a fairy-tale, for few attempt it, and fewer still succeed. And when we say fairy tale we use the words in the wider sense of a work of pure imagination unfettered in its scope by rules and conventions of ordinary existence, with no horizon of material vision, or boundary of scientific knowledge, or common-sense. And because in their superior wisdom men and women prefer material limitations and take no interest in reading or writing about anything but themselves, it is only given to the childlike in spirit to send a swift delicate dart of fancy into fairy-realms where the childlike and the simple reign, to walk aware and conscious in the land of dreams, or to interpret to duller ears the song of the swallow, the whisper of the leaves, the appeal of a flower. A teller of fairy-tales must be first a poet, a seer and a mystic to whom everything in nature confides its secrets, which he recounts in words that breathe life and music, colour and beauty. And he must be a humorist or he will spoil the story in the telling and his fancy will bring forth only dreary impossibilities no more fascinating than an ordinary human being. And in his way he must be a realist, and his creations must live, and behave reasonably and satisfactorily and conform to the laws of their fairy being. There are plenty of traditions in folk-lore and mythology to furnish rules and precedents for the behaviour of even the oddest and rarest inhabitants of Fairyland.

Hans Christian Andersen by temperament, upbringing and nationality was especially fitted to do such work supremely well. As a Scandinavian peasant he had a rich inheritance of folk-lore and sagas, and the nervous, sensitive, imaginative temperament, fantastic rather than sensuous, of the northern mind was turned in upon itself by outward cold and bleak surrounding. Long dark winters foster imagination and superstition, and the little flame, lit in the childlike soul of the eager listening Hans by the weird stories of the old women in the poor-house at Odensee, gave life and light and vigour and the fire of genius to the work of his matured literary faculties of felicitous and poetic expression and accurate observation. Above all he retained his early freshness and simplicity. A poet and a philosopher he has crept like his own student with the galoshes of fortune into the heart and brain of a little child, and interprets to us its pretty innocent dreams, its wistful questionings, and estimates its naive glorification or depreciation of its surroundings. To a child its very toys are full of life and character, and more real than the grown-up beings whom it only dimly observes and who interest it far less than an animal or a fairy—and whose personalities and doings are mere shadows and unrealities compared with the vivid loveliness of Cinderella, the gay bravery of wooden soldiers, the friendliness of Noah and his family, and the delightful excursions of a mouse. It is a truly royal thing a child's imagination, a boundless limitless empire. By it all common things are glorified and transformed, even to the poorest and most destitute. A gutter and a twisted piece of newspaper suffice to make an admiral of a street Arab, and a poor stuffed painted rag is symbolic of all beauty to the mother heart of a waif. A garden path is for tiny feet a track through a continent of mystery and perpetual discovery. For children, everything is alive and has a story, nothing seems impossible or incredible; no, not even the most daring fantasies of a certain black and white artist which to them are but delightful friendly creatures seen in dreams, familiar and amusing. Some day they will grow up and get stupid and perplexed by these same drawings and forget that they once knew and understood them. Hans Andersen preserved the simplicity and directness of the child-mind, the clear vision, the same quickening power, the alert fancy which falling on all sorts of objects brings them into a drama which clearly and naturally works itself out without tiresome restrictions of time, place and material. In his admirable preface to the fairy-tales Mr. Gosse expresses perfectly the unique charm of Andersen's method. "A child is like a savage in its calm



acceptance of incongruous elements, in the ease with which it passes over essential difficulties of tone and plane. Andersen's art consists largely of the adroitness with which he blends together ideas which in the real world cannot be conceived of in combination or even in relation." He uses impartially all kinds of spiritual elements and influences, Catholic mysticism and ceremonial; for instance the history of Elisa in the story of the eleven swans reads like the story of some saint, the logs of the martyr's pile flower and fill the air with fragrance, and redemption is worked out through suffering; quaint Protestant simplicity and strictness; primitive and picturesque superstition all lend colour to his weaving and no one is shocked or startled. And with regard, too, to a similar moral incongruity Mr. Gosse says "Life to a child is a phantasmagoria, and thanklessness and rapine and murder are amusing shadows which the unsubstantial human figures throw as they dance in the flicker of the fire-light."

There is a delightful entertaining spirit of naughtiness in "Little Claus and Big Claus" which reminds one of the "Decameron." The perfectly and innocently told episode of the husband who could not bear the sight of a deacon and who is deceived by his wife to the great profit of Little Claus is a charming piece of ingenuity and invention. The whole story is full of humour and Little Claus is quite as entertaining as Scapin in his "fourberies." There is not a trace of bitterness or malice in the numerous touches in each story of satire and humour which are more than childlike. There is something delightful in "Cleanliness is a virtue" the witch said and tied the snakes into a knot and cleaned out the cauldron." It is curious to learn that Andersen having achieved masterpieces in these fairy-tales was disappointed that they were preferred to his more serious undertakings, conventional dramas and novels which have not lived.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Heinemann for this beautiful new edition of the great fabulist. Nothing could be better by way of introduction than the preface which is peculiarly appreciative and sympathetic, a really delightful piece of work. The illustrations to a great imaginative work are rarely satisfactory, the lesser artist suffers by comparison with the greater, and it is disappointing to turn from the weird strong imagery of the writer to the feebler conceptions of the draughtsman. Hans Tegner, a competent artist in his way, cannot create that atmosphere of mystery, of terror, or of pure beauty which is essential to such work. His ghouls and witches are merely old women with false noses, and are no more horrible than the Fifth of November guys. His princesses and mermaids are commonplace, and his kings and queens heavy Danish peasants. But he has a certain picturesque strength and originality in his scenes of everyday life, and his technical powers have commanded the admiration of Dettaille and Dagnan Bouveret. At any rate his work is always interesting and characteristically Danish.

#### HISTORY AND ADVENTURE.

- "With Buller in Natal" (6s.), "Out with Garibaldi" (6s.), "In the Irish Brigade" (6s.), by G. A. Henty; "With Rifle and Bayonet" (5s.), by Captain F. S. Brereton. London: Blackie. 1900.
- "Charge!" By G. Manville Fenn. London and Edinburgh: Chambers. 1900. 5s.
- "One of Buller's Horse." By William Johnston. London: Nelson. 1900. 3s. 6d.
- "Under the Rebel's Reign." By Charles Neufeld. 6s.
- "Britons at Bay." By Henry Charles Moore. 3s. 6d. London: Gardner, Darton. 1900.
- "On War's Red Tide." By Gordon Stables, M.D. London: Nisbet. 1900. 5s.
- "The Boer's Blunder." By Fox Russell. London: Wells Gardner. 1900. 6s.
- "Two Boys in War Time." By John Finnemore. London: Pearson. 1900. 5s.
- "Dick Dale: the Colonial Scout." By Tom Bevan. London: Partridge. 1900. 3s. 6d.
- "The Three Scouts." By Fred Whishaw. London: Griffith, Farran. 1900. 3s. 6d.
- "A Trek and a Lager." By Jane H. Spettigue. 2s. 6d.
- "In Far Bolivia." By Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N. 3s. 6d.
- "Boy Crusoes." Adapted from the Russian by Léon Golschmann. 3s. 6d. London: Blackie. 1901.
- "Red, White, and Green." By Herbert Hayens. London: Nelson. 1901. 5s.
- "Red Jacket, the Last of the Senecas"; and "Iron Heart, War Chief of the Iroquois." By E. S. Ellis. London: Cassell. 1900. 3s. 6d. each.
- "Helmet and Spear." By the Rev. A. J. Church. London: Seeley. 1900. 5s.

Fiction has often anticipated fact, and if the time has not yet arrived when history can profitably deal with the war in South Africa, there is nothing in the circumstances to prevent the story-teller from utilising the conflict for his own purposes. France and her chivalry and the legend-haunted forests of Germany have been left alone by the writers of the adventures

books of the season. In several of the volumes before us Britain's recent battles against the Boers are fought over again. In none of them is there apparent any disposition on the part of the writer to do less than justice to the Boer character. Mr. Henty has disposed of the great campaigns of the world with so prodigal a hand that he must year by year be finding his opportunities growing smaller if not embarrassingly less. Hence he seizes eagerly on the Natal campaign for one of his books and promises next year to deal with the general campaign. Of his two other volumes, one describes Garibaldi's marvellous feat in proceeding to the liberation of Italy with the thousand men who formed the nucleus of the irregular force which scattered a trained army of 100,000 men; the other is concerned with the exploits of the Irish brigade which did such splendid service for France in Flanders, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere—service which it might have rendered Great Britain had Irishmen been permitted to join the British Army. Of Mr. Henty's books what is there to be said that would be new? His heroes this year, Chris King, Desmond Kennedy and Frank Percival, are the heroes of his previous stories re-embodied and transferred to other scenes under other names. They are bright, fearless, noble-hearted, devoted lads who are the only lads he cares to introduce to his readers. The volumes are as usual admirably illustrated. Captain Brereton, now on active service in South Africa, has probably, as we glean from Messrs. Blackie's announcement, "the unique distinction of publishing while on duty at the front a romance of the present Boer war"—rather a naive reflection that on some of the narratives given to the world by others who have been "at the front." "With Rifle and Bayonet" not only introduces us to Mr.—then President—Kruger, but takes us through stirring scenes in Kimberley, Mafeking, and Ladysmith. It is a capital story. The splendid work of the sailors in the defence of Ladysmith and in other ways has naturally attracted the admiration of Dr. Gordon Stables, whose versatile pen has received a further impetus from the fate of General Wauchope and his Highlanders at Magersfontein. "On War's Red Tide" is one of the best stories of the kind Dr. Stables has written. It opens in a picturesque Scottish castle which Jack Murray leaves to join H.M.S. "Thunderbolt" as a midshipman and his cousin Arthur McArthur the chieftain's son and heir goes to take his part with the Highland Brigade under Methuen. Jack is deeply in love with the beautiful Lady O'Mara who is fatally shot whilst tending the wounded at Ladysmith; Arthur is in love with Jack's sister Lydia. Arthur is wounded at Magersfontein, "the South African Flodden," taken prisoner by the Boers, escapes, and owes his life to a Free State heroine whose affection for the British officer brings death upon herself and her people. This episode is told with great charm. There is a healthy breeziness in the book, however, as well as melancholy, and the author in his attempts to make clear the course of events in the war is never tiresome. His proper names are a trifle weak. For example, Arthur's sister is styled "Ionish" as well as "Yonish," and the use of such a word as "heartfeltly" is scarcely commendable. Mr. Manville Fenn's "Charge!" is not as at first appears a story of the present campaign. It is a very general sort of story, packed with exciting incident, and it is only in the last pages we learn that it belongs to the struggle of twenty years ago. Unlike Mr. Henty's and Captain Brereton's books it has no historical value. Nor is Mr. William Johnston's vigorous story "One of Buller's Horse" concerned with the late struggle in Natal. It is based on the Zulu war, and depicts the deeds of derring-do not of white man against white man but of white against black.

Derik van Sterk in "The Boer's Blunder" is a bold bad Afrikaner. He seeks marriage with a cavalryman's daughter, Mabel Templecombe, and being refused gets the blacks to raid the Templecombe homestead, seizes Mabel by force, and promises her sister Maud to the dusky chief Amakosa. In the varied and exciting adventures that follow, representatives of both army and navy take a leading part; and when the scene closes the wedding bells are ringing for two happy couples, and there is a third marriage in prospect. The character of the elderly spinster, Miss McHaggart, is amusing as that of the American Ulysses Cheney is breezy, and the arm of poetic justice takes the wicked Derik in its strong and satisfying grasp. An exciting narrative is that of Mr. Finnemore. It concerns the prowess displayed by Dan March, aged eighteen, and his brother Jack, a lad of twelve, who are in Natal when the Boers invade that colony. The fun begins with a riot which follows the action of a Boer lad Jan Nyssens in hauling down the Union Jack in the market square of Thornton West. Dan sends Jan reeling, flies the flag once more, owes his life to a Dutchman Van Ryn and then with his brother has to run for dear life. Dan joins the Irregulars and Jack going back home to look after his parents' property is the means of rescuing a party of British soldiers. Other adventures follow fast and Dan greatly distinguishes himself as a despatch runner into Ladysmith around which place much of the interest of the story centres. There are some things in this book which will make people who read it think, but the style is scarcely natural.

Mr. Fred Whishaw's is a rattling story in which a rivalry between love and duty working in the breast of one of his adventurous trio, Geoff Bigby, adds zest to the course of the

narrative; especially as the element of jealousy is not wanting. Geoff and his brother Bernard ("Bunny" for short) get a kind of informal commission from General Symons and commence their scouting career by going to sleep in a farm building and being captured. Geoff escapes and being joined by his other brother Hugh the two set out after "Bunny"—Hugh in the guise of prisoner and Geoff as his Dutch captor. Not only "Bunny" but another good fellow is rescued as well and the treacherous Bunsen (Geoff's rival) is satisfactorily circumvented. The hero of Mr. Tom Bevan's well-written book is badly hurt in getting a wounded officer to cover at Driefontein and as we bid him good-bye he is overcome by the news that his gallant deed has secured him the V.C. Dick Dale like Geoff Bigby is in love with a Boer maiden Maggie van Eck and is falsely accused of trying to murder her. Mr. Fred Whishaw holds up Joubert to the admiration of his readers; Mr. Bevan does similar service for Botha. "A Trek and a Laager," by Miss J. H. Spettigue, is a story of pioneer life in South Africa in which the honours are easy between a little English lad of fourteen and his sister and a couple of faithful native boys who rescue their master's children during a Kaffir rising.

"Under the Rebel's Reign" is of peculiar interest: first because it shows that Mr. Charles Neufeld has the pen of the ready story-teller; second because it conveys a vivid idea of the events which followed Arabi's revolt. Mr. Neufeld necessarily knows Egypt thoroughly, and the adventures of his hero George Helmar, the young German student who fights under the British flag, are extremely realistic. The writer's own life would supply material for a dozen exciting Christmas books, and he proves by his first effort that in the preparation of such books the armchair adventurer must look to his laurels.

"Britons at Bay" though a trifle long-winded is not dull. Two middies fall into a Burmese trap and are being taken to Ava for slaves when a convert enables them to escape and they are joined by an Englishman who has for two years lived in the jungle. This strange-looking man went up in a balloon with an aeronaut who fell out of the car which descended in Burma where its solitary passenger was regarded as a god. A feature of the book is the introduction of a Portuguese interpreter in a heroic light.

The rivalry between Kossuth and Görgei and that between the Magyars who wanted their rights and those who wanted a republic form the background of the adventures of George Botskay in "Red, White, and Green" which contains some vivid scenes of the troublous times of the Hungarian rising of 1848. George Botskay saves the life of a peasant who afterwards saves that of his preserver. All who have read Maurus Jokai's novel which is known to English readers by the title of "The Day of Wrath" will peruse "Red, White, and Green" with special interest. A pleasing thread of romance runs through a well-conceived and vigorously written plot.

The famous chieftain Iron Heart was "one of the fiercest and most daring leaders that ever belonged to that extraordinary confederation of American Indians known as the Six Nations." Mr. Ellis tells how this redoubtable warrior was brought to listen to the voice of "The Great Spirit" by a little cripple named "Benny Morris," who, with his twin brothers Jack and Tim, have some exciting experiences. In "Iron Heart" and "Red Jacket" much is made of the "tracking" business. "Red Jacket" has more horrors than its fellow-volume. Its titular hero is a physical coward who possesses a marvellous gift of cunning speech.

"Boy Crusoes" is an adaptation from the Russian by Léon Golschmann. The story is told as an autobiography. It has freshness, vigour and more than a suggestion of the mingled mysticism, humour and inspiration to be found in Slavonic literature. A perusal of Defoe's great romance inspires two Russian boys to run away and seek adventure in the dense Siberian forest. The experiences of the first night cause their enthusiasm to vanish. But they lose their way, and the part they adopted in fun they are obliged to play in grim earnest for three years. Then civilisation is once more brought within their reach by a party of foresters and an engineer who is engaged in surveying work for the great Siberian railway. A good book, attractively illustrated.

There are no heroics of style in Professor Church's pages. But his account of the wars of Greeks and Romans in the brave days of old brings the scenes described vividly before the mind's eye and rouses the feelings as though Darius and Miltiades, Attila and Aëtius were rivals of yesterday. The Professor adapts a famous saying when he remarks that wars happen about little things but spring from great causes. In a short epilogue he touches effectively on the suggestive theme of the existence of definite purpose or tendency in human history.

#### TALES OF SEA AND SCHOOL.

"Ye Mariners of England." By Herbert Hayens. London: Nelson. 1901. 6s.

"The 'Pretty Polly.'" By W. Clark Russell. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 5s.

Aided by a wealth of illustrations the skill of Mr. Hayens has provided for the youthful reader an interesting and in-

structive history of the Navy and of our great sea fights from the days of Alfred to the present time. The old wooden walls have gone, but facing a sketch of the old "Trafalgar" are these words: "Should the time come for the romance of Jules Verne to be translated into sober truth, and the submarine boat, moving stealthily beneath old ocean's surface, pit itself against the mighty battleship above, we have no doubt that British sailors, or rather divers, will be there also. Hawke's words will still hold true, 'Where the enemy's ships go, British ships can go.'" Mr. Hayens does not forget to refer to the heroism witnessed in peace as well as in war. He has written thrilling words of Midshipman Lanyon of the "Victoria" and Stoker Lynch of the "Thrasher." We commend this book to every schoolmaster and parent in the country.

The voyage of the "Pretty Polly" is the outcome of young Martin Daniell's defective eyesight. As readers of "Two Years Before the Mast" may remember, certain defects of vision may be relieved or cured by the sufferer going to sea as a sailor. Young Daniell's father decides that his son shall make the experiment, and "the boy was willing—nay, tempestuously eager." An old salt, Captain John Bolt, is engaged as skipper, and three other lads join Martin. The voyage selected is one to Calcutta by way of the Cape. The incidents described are stirring without being bloodcurdling. They include the running down of a "windmill boat," the usual "man overboard" affair, a marriage at sea between a shipwrecked man and a woman who are rescued from a small boat, and a collision with a derelict which sends the "Pretty Polly" to the deeps. Captain and crew are saved, and the youngsters help to work a full-rigged vessel home. The reference on p. 190 to "the population justly termed by Carlyle 'mostly fools'" is irrelevant and open to misconception.

"An Ocean Adventurer; or, the Cruise of the 'Orb.'" By Walter P. Wright. London: Blackie. 1901. 2s. 6d.

"A Sea King's Midshipman." By Arthur Lee Knight. London: Murray. 1900. 6s.

"Aliens Afloat." By H. E. Acraman Coate. London: Stock. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Wright's pages offer a remarkable contrast to those of Mr. Clark Russell. The "Orb" is a privateer, and one Frank Pringle, who joins her crew, shares with her unscrupulous captain knowledge of a vast secret treasure which is hidden in the usual ruined temple amongst the customary death's heads and approached by the time-honoured subterranean river passage in which the water rushes in "a mad welter of boiling froth." Plot and counterplot, and fierce sea fighting in which a submarine boat plays a part, are features of this amazing yarn, which reminds one, by the way, that wonderful pirate ships armed with marvellous explosives are becoming numerous in modern fiction.

When, at the beginning of the present century the famous Lord Cochrane was so scandalously treated by his own countrymen he accepted the command of the Chilean navy. Mr. Knight's hero is picked up at sea by the vessel on board which Lord Cochrane is bound for Valparaiso. He joins the admiral's flagship as a midshipman. Land-fighting against Indians lends variety to young Lionel's adventures at sea and the author introduces a love-theme the conclusion of which he leaves to the reader's imagination. Many an English lad will doubtless be induced by these pages to look for himself into the full story of Lord Cochrane's inspiring but chequered career and will assuredly find it as fascinating as any dream of the novelist.

"Aliens Afloat" is not so much a story as a powerfully written indictment of the employment of the foreigner on British ships. Out of the sixteen men who form the crew of the ill-fated clipper "Madge" only four were English and this "typical proportion" is made answerable for the ocean tragedy in the final chapter. Mr. Coate supplies some capital descriptive writing and a great deal of apparently exact information in regard to food, wages, "crimps" and kindred topics affecting our mercantile marine.

"Colina's Island." By Ethel Heddle. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. 1900. 2s. 6d.

"Adventures in the South Pacific." By One who was born there. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1900. 2s. 6d.

"A Chase Round the World." By Robert Overton. London: Warne. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"Tom Wallis." By Louis Becke. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1900. 5s.

"Uncle Bart." By G. Manville Fenn. London: S.P.C.K. 1900. 5s.

Miss E. Heddle's "Colina's Island" is a simple unpretentious story, which never strikes a very interesting note, but appears to have been adapted from real life—and that is not necessarily always interesting. The young person may safely be trusted with it.

An entrancing description of the islands in the South Pacific by one who was born there will make every boy and girl who reads it long to go and swim and hunt with the, apparently, charming savages who abound in the Southern Seas. Perhaps



however the writer's view of them is a little idealised. Nearly every chapter of the book contains the account of a different adventure, and all are interesting.

A fraudulent bank director who decamps with a hundred thousand pounds, and a naval cadet, who has the exceptional luck, to be allowed to leave his studies and go in pursuit, are the chief characters in a "Chase Round the World." This book may be cordially recommended to all boys—except, perhaps, naval cadets.

Tom Wallis is a little boy possessed with a longing to be a sailor. He goes through many vicissitudes before he attains the wish of his heart. The author betrays less originality than we expect of Mr. Louis Becke.

A charming tale is "Uncle Bart." Noel is the sort of boy that appeals to all other boys, and he has adventures enough to satisfy the most extravagant imagination bred by Christmas holidays.

"Heads or Tails." By Harold Avery. London: Nelson. 1901. 5s.

"The Story of a School Conspiracy." By Andrew Home. London: Chambers. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"Every Inch a Briton." By Meredith Fletcher. 3s. 6d.  
"Jones the Mysterious." By Charles Edwardes. London: Blackie. 1901. 2s.

"Tom Andrews." By Rev. Arthur Chandler. London: Stock. 1900. 5s.

Mr. Harold Avery has put a lot of work into his book and the result is that we have a capital story of a friendship in "the school world" and "the world's school." "Heads or Tails" is instinct with a knowledge of youthful character. It is full of genuine humour and rarely errs in exaggeration. Without "preaching" the author contrives to drive home some healthy lessons in regard to deceitfulness and he conveys a fine idea of the esprit de corps the inculcation of which is not the least of the blessings bestowed upon this country by its public school life.

In "The Story of a School Conspiracy" Frank Hornby and Arthur Grey stand in somewhat the same relation one to the other as do the shrewd if whimsical Miller and young "Pepper" in Mr. Avery's bigger book, Frank like "Pepper" having for the time being the feeling of the majority of his school against him—of course unjustly. Mr. Home's black sheep is a French boy, Alphonse Henri, who plays the sneak, tries to destroy a train in order to revenge himself on his schoolfellows for a richly deserved ducking, and is concerned in a plot to loot the seaside town where the school is, a plot engineered by Henri senior who desired to take by force what the law had denied him.

"Every Inch a Briton" is written in the first person and tells how a new boy who was at first regarded at Cressingham School as a mufi became its hero. Mr. Fletcher provides plenty of fun and heaps of incident and there is even a suggestion of the romantic that is far from unpleasing. The character of Yorke the monitor who becomes captain is attractive. The term "Briton" indicates a boarder in one of the two houses at the school, between which and "Black's" there is an eager rivalry. Mr. Sydney Cowell's illustrations are capital.

Master Jim Bulkeley-Jones comes from India to England and school life in charge of his Hindu "bearer" Nana Sing who before handing him over to the pedagogue of Saxonhurst endows him with a quality which makes him involuntarily vanish at the approach of fear. Fear comes in the form of excessive stepmotherliness on the part of a buxom passenger on the "Jumna," at the tomboyish attentions of the pedagogue's attractive young daughter, and at more serious moments before "the power" itself does the vanishing trick and young Jim becomes as other boys are. Mr. Edwardes' story is at least ingenious.

Mr. Chandler the author of "Tom Andrews" has a special knowledge of Board School life in the East End. But this knowledge is undoubtedly greater than his power of entertaining the average boy as that power is here displayed. "Tom Andrews," in short, from a youthful standpoint is more informative than entertaining. For older readers however Mr. Chandler touches important questions.

"On Sea and Prairie." By Charles G. Coleman. London: Jarrold. 1901. 3s. 6d.

"Allan Adair." By Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N. London: R.T.S. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"Adventurers All." By K. M. Eady. London: Nelson. 1901. 2s. 6d.

"On Sea and Prairie" is the autobiography of an easy-going good-natured scallywag who, after sailing the seas, has a romance in St. Domingo, roams the prairies and comes home to Norwich to marry one of the girls he left behind him, and to "live as a Christian ought to." Mr. Coleman has a rhapsodical style but packs a wealth of incident into his pages. Not a little interesting information concerning a mysterious part of the world is to be gleaned from Dr. Gordon Stables' "In Far Bolivia," and the story is not without excitement. Property is left to the villain in the event of the heroine's death, and the villain schemes to bring about the heroine's destruction at the hands of Bolivian Indians. Pretty Peggy is captured,

and the incidents attending her rescue form the substance of the story. The hero of "Allan Adair" helps to save a vessel from wreck, and is offered a berth as midshipman on a merchant ship. He accepts and when on board, this Scots laddie's Irish shadow, Rory, is discovered as a stowaway. The two boys and a dog Tromso form a characteristic Gordon Stables trio, and one of the incidents in the voyage of "the good ship Livingstone" is the taking of rum by Tromso. "The strange part of the affair is this: he got angry, barked and ran off if any man even showed him a spoonful of rum after this—wise dog!" Allan and his friends have many adventures in many lands. Neither of the books just named has the attraction that belongs to "On War's Red Tide."

Mr. Eady's narrative takes the reader to the Philippines, and concerns the adventures of a young Welsh boy who ships with a mixed crew in the "Annabel Lee" in a gun-running venture during the early days of the Spanish-American war. After the vessel is shipwrecked its skipper becomes a brigadier in the service of Aguinaldo. The peculiar troubles involved in such a campaign as that which is still harassing the United States are well suggested.

#### STORIES FOR GIRLS.

"A Sister of the Red Cross." By L. T. Meade. London: Nelson. 3s. 6d. 1900.

"Three Fair Maids." By Katharine Tynan. London: Blackie. 6s. 1900.

The discreet novel for the Young Person (why is the Young Person never a boy?) differs little from the grown-up variety, except that its climax is invariably matrimony, instead of the misfortunes of the characters dating from that institution. "A Sister of the Red Cross," for instance, by Miss Meade has a last chapter beginning "Three months afterwards, in a London church, there was a brief ceremony." Before this satisfactory announcement, we have been taken through the siege of Ladysmith, with Long Tom and all complete: have seen the hero's character aspersed, then cleared by a repentant dying major: and have been interested in the sad scrape of one Kitty, who is not the Red Cross Sister but a naughty little person who gets into debt and pays it with somebody else's accidentally found money. "Three Fair Maids" is one of Katharine Tynan's charming Irish tales. It begins with an audacious innovation in the old house of Ardeelish. Lady Burke and her three pretty daughters are extremely pressed for money. The eldest girl is called Elizabeth—an invariable sign of spirit—and she boldly suggests "paying guests." Of course there is a protest, and of course it is overborne and the paying guests arrive. The family fortunes are affected by them in the delightful way of such pleasant stories. They must start a young girl on her way in life with an infinite trust in the machine.

"Gold in the Furnace." By M. H. Cornwall Legh. London: R. T. S. 5s.

"My Lady Marcia." By Eliza F. Pollard. London: Nelson. 5s. 1901.

"Gold in the Furnace" is a very long story of a "very very good" young woman Mary Copeland and her "very very bad" cousin Milly Ladbroke. The book indeed is a feminine refinement of the old tale of the industrious and the idle apprentices but with a more pleasing setting. Milly is a painful specimen of the girl who borrows money, affects smart company, loves cheap finery and reads trashy fiction. She comes to Mary's home Ravenhill Farm, an idyllic place of pink hams and immaculate cream cheese. Trouble falling on the household Mary goes out as a maid where her cousin is governess, is unjustly accused of theft, and is sent to prison for three months! Of course all comes right in the end, and the real thief, who is Milly, sheds bitter tears of repentance, whilst Mary who is married to the man whom Milly had tried to fascinate, heaps coals of fire on the wicked one's remorseful head. But one has an uncomfortable feeling that all Miss Millicent's powers of mischief are not exhausted, and that Mary's goodness is too good for "human nature's daily food."

In "My Lady Marcia" Eliza Pollard has followed up her last year's romance of the days of Richelieu with an imposing volume devoted to the period of Robespierre. Miladi Marcia, a young English girl, and niece of a French marquis, "is of the stuff Roman maidens were made of." To aid her French relatives she reduces Danton to at least one act of mercy and the crisis of the story turns on the love of Tallien for Thérèse de Fontenay, which is made the instrument of the fall of "the Incorruptible." Marcia nearly comes to grief by being accidentally trapped in the secret chamber of her uncle's château, but this is only one of her many adventures. The book is carefully written and the interest of the reader in the fortunes of the various characters is never allowed to flag.

"The Girl Without Ambition" by Isabel Stuart Robson (Cassell. 3s. 6d.) is a book about two girls. One is clever and selfish. The other passes for being rather empty-headed, but is full of thought for others. Her treatment of her old father is very pretty. She is not over-déjà-vue.

either. When she wanted money very badly she once sang for it in the open street. This is not held up as an example to follow, we hasten to state! In fact, it lands poor Kathie in discomfort. The girls in "Cynthia's Bonnet Shop," by Rosa Mulholland (Blackie. 5s.), are all that is delightful. We have to thank Lady Gilbert for their acquaintance, and for her illuminating description of an Irish bog. We had always imagined it to be a species of immense and soppy marsh, into which one's feet sank at every step, coming out again (if they ever came out) encased in black mud. It appears that a bog is in reality a thing of exquisite beauty. Cynthia and her sisters live on one. It has the delightful name of "Turk" to begin with. Then it is only dangerous in the evenings—just enough so to be exciting. "Anyone who has lived with a bog, and has eyes to see, knows that it is rich in picturesque beauty, and as redolent of pathetic feeling as the pungent aroma which through its turf-burning is exhaled from the fibres of its heart. Its beauty lies in the long level or slightly undulating lines of colour, strangely varied and graduated from brown to madder-red, from orange to tawny, grey folding over purple, and purple losing itself in deep, dense, melancholy black. Here the shadows are broken by a jagged pool, keen and bright as a scimitar and blue as little Bridget's eyes. . . ." No wonder the place sank into the hearts of Lady Gilbert's charming Irish girls. It pervades a pleasant book. "Sisters Three" by Jessie Mansergh (Cassell. 3s. 6d.) is a good average little story of some few young girls with contrasted characters. The principal "moral" appears to be "Do not let Vanity precipitate you into loveless engagements"—which is sound in its way. The girls in "A Newnham Friendship" by Alice Stronach (Blackie. 3s. 6d.) do not remind us over-vividly of the Newnham girls of our experience. But such a wealth of convincing detail is given that one is bound to believe the author has either been there herself or written under expert guidance. It is not given to everyone to describe truly even what he sees. "The Shadow of the Cliff" by Catherine Mallandaine (S.P.C.K. 3s.) is sensational in a mild fashion. At least, somebody goes over the cliff which casts the shadow, and somebody else is suspected of foul play. But most of the rest is quiet and well written enough. We remember Miss Mallandaine's pleasant writing in "The Carrier's Cart," though that was a more juvenile story.

"Four Everyday Girls" by Raymond Jacberns (S.P.C.K. 2s.) we liked very much, only the girls were not so very "everyday" after all. One was a beauty and another was a genius. Still, they do nothing very startling, so perhaps the title means something. Their Uncle Dick is a nice, fairy-tale kind of uncle. The only absurdity in the book is the parentage of Rob. Two old men, cronies, who have each mislaid a baby-boy in the past, were too much for our faith. "Seven Maids" by L. T. Meade (Chambers. 6s.) is a very handsome book, well illustrated by Mr. Percy Tarrant. It is rather more childish than a "girl's novel," but not meant for really little children. The seven maids have their varied fascinations and can be counted upon to interest girls of, say, fourteen. Miss Meade's wine needs no bush. "Tom's Boy" by the author of "Laddie," &c. (Chambers. 5s.) looks like a child's book and sounds like a boy's book, but may fairly count as a girl's novel, by reason of Margaret Beresford and her love affairs. It is a beautiful book to look at, and prettily written. "The Son of Ella" by Gertrude Hollis (S.P.C.K. 2s.) is about the conversion of Northumbria. "Roy" by Agnes Giberne (Pearson. 5s.) is a story of the days of Sir John Moore. It is handsome and dashing, and perhaps more specially intended for boys. But it is quite certain that the warlike figure in red and blue on the cover will appeal to their sisters no less than to them. "The House that Grew" Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.) is not so good as her usual work for girls, it is rather dull and tiresome, but is gracefully illustrated by Alice Woodward who unlike most lady-illustrators has real talent.

#### BOOKS FOR BABES.

"A Noah's Ark Geography." A true account of the travels and adventures of Kit, Jum-Jum, and the Cockyolly Bird: faithfully set forth and pictured by Mabel Dearmer. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

Mrs. Dearmer's title-page indicates pretty clearly the sort of aid to education that she has contrived. Kit is a small boy who has difficulties with his geography because instead of learning by rote the words in his book he listens to the animals in the Noah's Ark talking and quarrelling—as of course a child can do. When he gets shut up in disgrace, he explains his grievances to the animals. Geography means nothing. But the Noah's Ark Polar bear is convinced that the North Pole means something and offers to take Kit there. It is very simple. They both climb on to the table—for the Polar bear refuses to be lifted as they can only travel "on terms of perfect equality"—and so on to the globe and then slide along one of the lines of longitude till they drop on an iceberg and meet a live Polar bear. After that of course everything is easy. They

are pursued by a black doll called Jum-Jum and the Cockyolly Bird (who is Mrs. Dearmer's totem) and these two become Kit's travelling companions, for the Noah's Ark Polar bear refuses to visit the tropics, and Kit has to be taken round the world. So the three make their way to Japan and from Japan to Australia, calling at a coral island on the passage, and then by Burmah and India back to the Red Sea. Everywhere like good travellers they make acquaintance with people and things, and there is no difficulty about languages, so that they have seen and heard much by the time they meet the Noah's Ark cruising down the Red Sea to look for them, and when the governess comes back to hear Kit's lesson she discovers by accident that he really knows a great deal about "real things" and wants to know more. The verdict of one nursery where Mrs. Dearmer's verses were already extremely popular was emphatically that "now she wrote just an ordinary book it was quite the nicest book for small children that had come into the nursery." Her drawings, too, do not please children any the less because they are really good decorative designs, everywhere full of spirit, and not cheap prettinesses.

"The April Baby's Book of Tunes: with the Story of How they Came to be Written. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

Most people were agreed that among the most delightful things in "Elizabeth's German Garden" were the occasional glimpses of baby-girls who spoke something between English and German: and it is not to be wondered that the clever lady who wrote about her garden should now write about her little girls. She explains how in that country where you must put yourself in a fur bag if you want to drive in winter, children are a good deal indoors and how there was wild disorder in the nursery and strife with the French maid till the mother had an inspiration and began to teach the little girls English nursery rhymes which they had never heard before, and made up tunes for them to sing. The book is a charming record of the way in which the children amused their mother while she was amusing them and grown-up people will delight in it; but what the children will say is another matter.

"The Princess's Story Book." Edited with an Introduction by G. L. Gomme. Westminster: Constable. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Gomme's book is the fourth and final volume of an interesting series in which stories have been taken from English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English monarchs from the time of Harold to that of Victoria. Scott, Froissart (through the medium of Lord Berners' translation), Ainsworth, Lytton, Kingsley, Beaconsfield, and half a dozen other authors have been drawn upon. The editor's introduction is a delightful piece of work and his selections are marked on the whole by judgment and a consideration for the originals that is admirable from one point of view but must be borne in mind by those in search of reading for the nursery. Certainly something more romantic in the earlier life of the Queen might have been chosen than the extract from "Sybil" concerning cabinet-making at the time of the "Bed-chamber incident." Mr. Gomme reminds us that the refrain of Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar" might have been if it is not actually a quotation from Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" wherein the King says: "Ye cry pay, pay, pay, as if we had all the mines of Ophir." Miss Helen Stratton's illustrations are attractive and the volume is tastefully got up.

"The Reign of King Herla and other Stories," edited by William Canton and illustrated by Charles Robinson (Dent. 4s. 6d.), are good stories spoilt in the telling—the style is bald and uninteresting. The illustrations are effective, though inexperienced and wanting in cleanness. A far better book is "The Wind Fairies and other Tales" by Mary de Morgan, illustrated prettily, if somewhat feebly, by Olive Cockerell (Seeley. 5s.). These are charming delicate little fancies with nice little morals attached. Miss de Morgan has distinct graces of style and a poetic imagination, original and full of fairy atmosphere. Some of the picture books are quite enchanting. First favourite among little ones will be "A Trip to Toyland" (Richards. 6s.), which is everything a toy book should be. We have watched it raise enthusiasm in the infant mind, and have found distinct pleasure in it ourselves. It is written and illustrated by Henry Mayer, and is quite theatrically brilliant like a pretty pantomime of toys. "Piccalilli" (Richards. 6s.), by Edith Farmiloe, shows a real appreciation of children in brief picturesque glimpses of Italian and English child life. The pictures are delicious—while the little stories are naive and humorous. "Four and Twenty Toilers" (6s.) is a companion to the successful "Book of Shops," written by E. V. Lucas, and illustrated by F. D. Bedford. These accounts of different kinds of workmen will appeal strongly to little boys who as a rule would infinitely prefer to be knife-grinders or bakers than barristers or City men.

Miss G. Rosamond Praeger is a most entertaining writer and artist. "The Child's Picture Grammar" (George Allen. 3s. 6d.) has very little grammar in it but is most amusing, the picture of the Abstract Noun "Sweetness" being delightfully absurd.



Even more fascinating is her "Tale of the Little Twin Dragons" (Macmillan. 6s.). The drawings are quite excellent, full of expression and humour and firm in touch. There is something of the manner of Lewis Carroll in the characters of the little dragons, the imp and the baby—charming creations all of them. "Miss Nonentity" (Chambers. 5s.) is one of Miss Meade's lively children's books. There are older girls in it than the little heroine, but she plays a very important part, reconciling everybody all round, and helping to explain away some undeserved disgrace that was hanging round her fine young sister. The book is hardly for the very smallest children. It is gorgeous in purple and gold. "Celia's Conquest," by L. E. Tiddeman (Chambers), is a pleasant little book enough. Celia is rather more French than English, and gains in liveliness accordingly. "Three Little Maids" (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.) is one of Miss Ethel Turner's most charming stories. She has been called "Miss Alcott's true successor." She certainly writes with all Miss Alcott's sympathetic charm; but there is more than that. There is her own special style and her own tenderness and humour. Few writers understand children so well. Fewer still have the power of showing childhood as it is. Miss Turner takes her little "three maids" from England to Australia, where the scenes of her other books were laid. Wherever they were, the characters of Phil, Dolly and the rascally Weenie would delight any child—and any parent as well. "Over the Garden Gate" by Alice F. Jackson (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.) begins charmingly with a very quaint little girl. It goes on well, too. But we particularly liked poor little lonely funny Doris in the beginning. "The Three Witches" by Mrs. Molesworth (Chambers. 3s. 6d.) is a pretty blue book, with clever illustrations by Mr. Lewis Baumer. It is written with all Mrs. Molesworth's brightness and skill, and is not a fairy-tale, though it has the air of one. "The Little Boy Book" by Helen Hay (Lane. 6s.) is highly and effectively coloured.

"Old English Singing Games" (5s.) illustrated by Miss E. Harwood and issued by Mr. George Allen, and "Musical Nursery Rhymes" (5s.)—the music by R. M. Harvey—published by Messrs. Dean and Son, are a charming variant on the usual method of reproducing familiar verses with new pictures. The illustrations—in both these books excellent—are supplemented by the music, which will enable the tiny recipients of these books to enjoy the further pleasure of playing, or hearing played, on the piano their ordinary nursery rhymes. "Old English Singing Games," which has been prepared by Miss A. B. Gomme in connexion with the Guild of Play founded by Mrs. C. W. Kimmins for the propagation among the poorer children of the games in question, will be welcome in homes of every degree. "Barbara's Song Book" prepared by Cécile Hartog, illustrated by John Hassall, with words by Ellis Walton and published by Mr. George Allen, is a companion volume to "Old English Singing Games" and will afford the little ones an opportunity of learning both new pieces and new airs. "Struwwelpeter of To-day" (Dean's "Panorama Series") with its highly severe and even tragic moral lessons, does not strike us a peculiarly appropriate Christmas present. We should prefer to show the risks which wait on naughtiness with the aid of a little of the humour to be found in "Droll Doings" (Blackie and Son) illustrated by Harry B. Neilson, with verses by the Cockyolly Bird.

There are the usual number of annuals and miscellanies which contain an extraordinary amount of matter for the money. "Darton's Leading Strings" (Gardner, Darton) is an annual of the old-fashioned type both in text and illustration. It is bright and pleasing, but somewhat more interesting is "Peter Piper's Peep-show" by S. H. Hamer illustrated by Lewis Baumer and Harry B. Neilson (Cassell). The pictures especially of pigs and cats are excellent and there are some clever stories in the collection. One gathers from the title-page of "Rigmaroles and Nursery Rhymes" by Alfred H. Miles (Bousfield) rather than from the illustrations themselves that they are by such distinguished people as Dicksee, Wain, Railton, Ronner. Is it ever necessary to be so very silly in order to amuse children?

By far the best of the numerous animal books are "Raggylug the Rabbit" (David Nutt. 3s. 6d.) and the "Biography of a Grizzly Bear" (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) by Ernest Seton Thompson the author of "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag." They are pieces of admirable literature and would be better appreciated by grown-up people than by children. The writer is a keen and observant naturalist with an extraordinary sympathy with and insight into animal nature. His knowledge of wood-lore is remarkable, rabbits, partridges, even foxes, bears, and wolves are his intimate friends, and become heroes and heroines in their pathetic struggle for existence; their weaknesses, their faults, their wisdom, and their strength, their love and their hatred are as vivid and real in these engrossing narratives as any human qualities. The style is fresh and picturesque, and in atmosphere curiously redolent of woods and pastures and brooks and scented pines and tangled undergrowth. In Albert Bigelow Paine's "In the Deep Woods" (Heinemann. 5s.) there is something of the same charm, but in a less degree, of Mr. Thompson's books. The coon, the possum

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and the crow are less pathetic, less wonderful and heroic than the superb Lobo, the devoted vixen or the captivating Raggy-lug, but they are amusing to read about and in their mingled naïveté and guile remind one of W. Jacobs' sailors. The illustrations by J. M. Condé are admirable.

"Tales Told in the Zoo" (Unwin. 6s.) by F. Carruthers Gould and F. H. Carruthers Gould, and illustrated by "F. C. G." is rather a disappointing book, the folklore stories which the authors have collected are somewhat uninterestingly told, and though beautiful legends in themselves make very little effect. Nor are their original efforts peculiarly felicitous. The illustrations are singularly lacking in character and expression. F. C. G. is more successful as a cartoonist and his animals look better as politicians. "A Thoroughbred Mongrel" (Unwin. 3s. 6d.) illustrated by F. A. Shepperd and written by Stephen Townesend is an amusing story of a depraved little Cockney mongrel who is palmed off as a rare and tiny Mexican. The book is somewhat too "grown-up" in its references, and for children it would have been better to omit the vivisection dream. "Cats" pictured by Louis Wain and versed by Grimalkin (Sands. 2s. 6d.) is admirable so far as Louis Wain's work is concerned, but Grimalkin's words are not very good. "The Other One" (Pearson. 5s.) is a harmless and ordinary little story of the adventures of a kitten written by Gertrude M. Hayward and illustrated by Cecil Aldin.

#### STEPS IN LEARNING.

"The Captivi of Plautus." Edited by W. M. Lindsay. London: Methuen. 1900. 10s. 6d.

Professor Lindsay had special recognition at Oxford for his remarkable attainment in those parts of scholarship to which Oxford generally is apt to be slightly indifferent. The stigma could scarcely remain in face of a few such works as this edition of the "Captivi," which bears evidence of profound and accurate grammatical learning on every page. A commentary on Plautus is the kind of work to which a Latin scholar will naturally turn his hand whose strength is chiefly on the linguistic side. In this larger volume Professor Lindsay has dwelt on many points with a fulness which was of course impossible in his school edition of the same play. The new and complete apparatus criticus and the very full commentary on the text itself are only a portion of the real work. The introduction has a concise and interesting account of the manuscripts and two very learned discussions on prosody and metre. In fact though ostensibly an edition of a single play the volume is a valuable work of reference on early Latin versification in general. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the book is the appended article on the accentual element in early Latin verse. In the course of his argument Professor Lindsay maintains (and certainly makes the view seem very plausible) that many of the modifications of Greek metre which appear in Latin verse come from the attempt to make the natural accent of Latin words fit in with the metrical requirements of the verse itself. The editor in his short preface expresses the "hope," which all scholars will share, that he may in time give us other plays of the same writer. In that case he intends "to take up one by one the other topics of interest, such as Plautine Accidence and Syntax, and the history of the Plautine Text in antiquity." This explains what would otherwise seem the incompleteness of a large edition of a Plautine play without a general discussion of Plautine Syntax. In time we may get from Professor Lindsay a complete set of the plays of Plautus that will stand in the same class with Professor Jebb's edition of Sophocles. Meantime we welcome what he has done for the sweet-tempered old comedy "ubi boni meliores fiant."

The University Tutorial Series. "The Tutorial French Accidence." By Ernest Weekley. Third Edition. London: W. B. Clive. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Ernest Weekley pitched on an evil moment for bringing out his Third Edition. In fact the best thing he can do is to withdraw it, for it is rendered quite out of date as a school book by the circular on French orthography and grammar published by the Ministry in July last, though of course it retains its value as a book of reference. It is impossible to overestimate the benefit to the ordinary teacher produced by this educational ukase which renders optional the observance of the hundred and one hair-splitting rules devised by the seventeenth and eighteenth century grammarians. These gerund-grinders had no idea of the real origin or growth of the language, but they went botanising on it, and when they came across a rare specimen, they carefully preserved it and cultivated it in the same way as a naturalist who gets hold of some floral "sport," or even "went one better" and invented varieties of their own, and coined differences where there had previously been no distinctions. The primary teachers in France have long been agitating against the retention of all these artificial "flowers of speech," and now a committee has just reported and the Ministry has endorsed its report in favour of rendering optional all the rules about the formation of plurals in compound words, or the intri-

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cate usages of the past participle when it comes into contact with the infinitive, or the precise gender of those hermaphroditical words such as—*aigle*, *gens*, and *orge*. Some of our old-fashioned examiners, who delighted year after year to set these Chinese puzzles to candidates in the various public examinations in the mistaken idea that they were examining the candidate's knowledge of the language, will be horrified at seeing their life's work thus swept away, and the necessity imposed on them of setting papers on a more rational basis. But the jaded schoolboy who has a healthy loathing for these grammatical sophistries, and the wise teacher who believes that the learning of a language does not begin with the mastering of the exceptions will alike rejoice at the clean sweep that has been made of these cobwebs spun by à priori grammarians—and so carefully cherished and preserved by their worthy representatives of to-day, the old-fashioned examiners in modern languages.

"The Tutorial History of English Literature." By A. J. Wyatt. London: W. B. Clive. 1900. 2s. 6d.

This book is put together on sound lines. It is practically a history of the evolution of English literature. Those whose names are landmarks are adequately described, and the small fry are altogether omitted. The space thus gained is utilised in giving quotations of sufficient length. The compilers of many short histories of literature seem to imagine that poetry is like cloth, and give their readers a small snippet of a few lines as a sufficient specimen of a poet's work. Mr. Wyatt is no believer in such sartorial practices, and does not hesitate when he comes across such a purple "pannus" as Marlowe's soliloquy in "Faustus" to give it in its entirety. Another good point is the short and well-selected list of books to be read that Mr. Wyatt has prefaced to his work.

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The first of these publications may be described as being geologically in its tertiary period. The bedrock consists of "Sketchley's Geology," with a newer strata contributed by Mr. James Monckman, and finally this has been overlaid in parts by a few additions to bring the volume up to modern requirements. As a handy guide to South Kensington examinations, the book can certainly be recommended, as well as the companion volume on "Mineralogy" which has also been brought up to date.

"A Brief History of Mathematics." Translated from Dr. Karl Fink's "Geschichte der Elementar Mathematik" by Wooster Woodruff Beman and David Eugene Smith. London: Kegan Paul. 1900.

The romance of mathematical discovery is quite as interesting as the history of any other forms of human inventiveness. The subject is not entirely unknown to English readers from certain chapters in Hallam's "History of European Literature," and De Morgan's still more entertaining writings. The two American translators have certainly done well in translating Dr. Fink's book, and the style, for which they make some apology, does not seem to lend itself to any special condemnation considering the abstruseness and technicality of the subject. That the world knows nothing of its greatest men is specially true of mathematics. Kepler and Descartes, Newton and Leibnitz, are of course household words; but how many well-educated people in England know much about Gauss, whom Dr. Fink looks on as the greatest of modern mathematicians, as he divides his history of modern times into before Gauss and after?

"The Frogs of Aristophanes." Translated by E. W. Huntingford. Methuen. 1900. 2s. 6d.

The late Mr. J. Symonds has somewhere remarked that the plays of Aristophanes tend to fall off toward the end, or at least fail to fulfil all the promise of their opening scenes. This criticism is certainly not true of the "Frogs" which keeps up the interest till the very end. Mr. E. W. Huntingford has translated the piece into rhyming couplets, and in doing so has not hesitated to make use of the very latest up-to-date slang. We do not know whether the resemblance is intentional or not, but the choice of this jiggling metre "with such conceits as clownage keeps in pay," renders inevitable the comparison with a Drury Lane piece and Mr. Dan Leno in the leading rôle. This is unfortunate as the translation is decidedly racy in parts, but we think, with the Drury Lane reminiscences before us, that the spirit of the whole is half missed. Aristophanes may be common and even coarse: he is never vulgar. We prefer the less accurate version of Hookham Frere which preserved more faithfully the Attic flavour of the piece.

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of the German Empire. Certainly the story of the rise of the Hohenzollern family from their diminutive principality in Swabia to their Imperial position to-day is one of the most fascinating in history. Who could have dreamt in the sixteenth and even in the seventeenth century that the unification of Germany would find its centre of attraction the comparatively insignificant Mark of Brandenburg? One would almost as soon expect one of the asteroids to compel the sun to follow in its orbit. The selections of Mr. Julius Langhans are typical enough of the blood and iron policy of the Prussian sovereigns. He fails however adequately to represent their domestic statesmanship which was no less remarkable. To take only one instance, the Franco-German war only precipitated the silent working towards national unity promoted by the formation of the Zollverein. Yet we fail to find in Mr. Langhans' book any trace of this which to our mind was the chief instrument employed by Prussian diplomacy to bring about the unification of the country after its own heart. We would commend however a very useful map of the German Empire of olden times and to-day.

"A Spanish Grammar." By William A. Kessen. London: Blackwood. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Unless English students in search of a good Spanish grammar are lucky enough to meet with the works published at New York and Boston by Professor Ramsey and Dr. Knapp, they can scarcely do better than use Mr. Kessen's book. It has distinct merits of its own: the scheme of arrangement is sound, the explanation of the rules is lucid, and the exercises are more sensible than such things commonly are. But it is unfortunate that Mr. Kessen should go out of his way to pride himself on adopting the latest system of accentuation approved by the Spanish Academy. So far as it goes, this is a step in the right direction. Our quarrel with Mr. Kessen is that he nowhere explains the system in detail, and that, like the Academy itself, he does not apply it logically. One or two examples may suffice. The rule set down in the Academy's grammar (ed. 1888, p. 356) is perfectly clear: "En las voces agudas donde haya encuentro de vocal fuerte con una débil acentuada, *esta llevará acento ortográfico.*" Obviously the Academy and Mr. Kessen should write *freír* and *oir* with a diacritic accent. Again, take the rule given on p. 368:—"Los dos elementos de las voces compuestas conservan su acentuación prosódica y *deben llevar la ortográfica que como simples les correspondan.*" Obviously the Academy and Mr. Kessen break the rule by writing *asimismo*. A graver matter is that in using such forms as *dió* and *vió* Mr. Kessen ignores the fact that the chief aim of the reformed accentual system is to abolish the artificial distinction made between verbs and other parts of speech. To follow the Academy in its oversights and errors is a needless piece of fetishism. However, we have no intention of pressing the case further against Mr. Kessen. The paragraphs on the prepositions and on the use of *ser* and *estar* are excellent; the list of idioms is useful and practical; and the passages from authors ranging from Cervantes to Valera are well calculated to awaken the reader's interest in Spanish literature.

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Three Surrey Churches: The Pilgrims' Way, &c. Various Authors. Illustrated. Guildford: Frank Lasham. 1900.

This fasciculus of papers bearing on the churches and antiquities which border the main route trodden of old by Canterbury pilgrims fits very well with the recent Chaucer quingentenary. The Rev. H. R. Ware writes about S. Nicholas, Compton, whose two-storied chancel and wooden arcade of Norman date are features of peculiar note, and about the "intensely interesting fabric" of S. Mary's, Guildford. S. Martha and All Martyrs', Chilworth, of which Mr. P. G. Palmer gives an account, was a picturesque ruin until 1848, when it was unfortunately rebuilt. As at Edington and elsewhere, the chapel was shared between the parishioners and the Austin Canons of Newark, to which order the pilgrims were a principal source of revenue. S. Martha's, "a landmark unsurpassed along the whole route," could offer forty days' indulgence to such as should resort to it on account of devotion, prayer, pilgrimage, or offering. It was at one time served—though Mr. Palmer does not mention this—by Stephen Langton. We would refer him to Miss Arnold-Forster's "Church Dedications" for a discussion of the name "S. Martha." That writer is convinced that "Saynt Marter" (inventory of Edward VI.) is not even S. Thomas, to whom the building was re-dedicated by the priory in 1186, but a mere corruption of the real title, "the Great Martyrs on the Hill." A paper on S. Catherine's Chapel, Guildford, follows, by Mr. Thackeray Turner. We are quite at one with him in lamenting the unintelligent destruction of mediæval plaster work under the notion that it is a sham. Mr. F. Lasham, in "Notes on the Antiquity of the Pilgrims' Way," proves that, from the Hampshire direction, the way is far older than S. Thomas, and is in truth the prehistoric Tin Track from the West to the Straits of Dover and Gaul. "The Pilgrims' Way," by Major-General E. Renouard James, deals with the Chaucerian aspect of the matter. In the concluding essay, by Mr. Palmer, there is much interesting

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information. Wayside chapels at the crossings of streams and such names as Farthing and Halfpenny Copse, Beggars' Barn, Paternoster Lane, and the like, still linger as relics of the pilgrims. By a slight slip Bradford-on-Avon is said to be in Somerset and Uffington in Wilts.

"Voices of the Past from Assyria and Babylonia." By Henry S. Robertson. London: Bell. 1900. 6s.

As Mr. Robertson says, there is a special charm in tracing the very beginnings of civilisation and the dawn of culture, and it is quite true that, if not the beginnings, yet a very ancient stage of civilisation can nowhere be studied more completely and satisfactorily than in Babylonia and Assyria—not even in Egypt. This little book is an attempt, and in our opinion a remarkably successful attempt, to introduce this fascinating subject to perfectly unlearned readers. There is nothing particularly original about it; its merit consists in clear and interesting treatment. Mr. Robertson does not profess to be an Assyriologist, but he has read the best and latest authorities, his facts are generally trustworthy, and his judgment sound. In four chapters on the Royal Library of Nineveh, the Chaldean Genesis, Abraham's Early Home, and Asshur and Israel, respectively, he deals with many of the most striking characteristics of early Chaldean and Assyrian life and history, and their most important bearing on the Scriptural records. The explanation of the method and stages of cuneiform writing is notably clear, and in general we can recommend the book as an able and interesting guide to a delightful study. It should be read in connexion with Professor Sayce's "Babylonians and Assyrians," and after a perusal of these two little volumes the ordinary reader will know a great deal more of the life of the people of Mesopotamia five thousand years ago than Layard ever did.

"The Land of the Long Night." By Paul du Chaillu. London: Murray. 1900. 7s. 6d.

"Lepcha Land: or Six Weeks in the Sikkim Himalayas." By Florence Donaldson. London: S. Low. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

There is no particular connexion between these two volumes of travel except that both cover a good deal of snow-clad country in out-of-the-way parts of the world, and that one of the chief concerns of the traveller in either case is to beware of losing himself. Neither Lapland nor Lepcha Land affords the wanderer from tracks which are not always beaten much chance of hospitality. M. du Chaillu's record of his adventures makes good reading; his account of his doings in "The Land of the Long Night" gives us no cause to regret that he has left Africa for Northern lands. Mrs. Donaldson's name as an explorer is new to us, but she rivals ladies like Mrs. Bishop in fearlessness and resource. Lepcha Land is practically unknown to all save a very few in England, and in view of possibilities on the Chinese borders her book should receive a warm welcome.

"The Story of My Captivity during the Transvaal War." By Adrian Hofmeyr. London: Arnold. 1900. 6s.

The interest of Mr. Hofmeyr's prison diary chiefly depends upon the fact that it gives a loyal Afrikaner's experiences among the Boers. The seizure of an unarmed non-combatant at Lobatsi is unjustifiable, and his detention at Pretoria an outrage on civilised usage. Mr. Hofmeyr, a British subject, had never borne arms, but had made speeches at Kimberley which annoyed the Transvaalers. He was in grave danger at the time of his capture. Unhappily he has not learned the art of expressing indignation with dignity. His account of life in the Pretoria School is interesting, and, unlike two of his fellow-prisoners, he does not think it the duty of a correspondent to inflict personal feuds on the public.

The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P." By Arthur Wallace. Bijou Biographies. No. I. London: Drane. 1901. 6d.

These little books, if the other numbers of the proposed series are as interesting, informative, and cleverly written as this, will deserve much more than a succès de curiosité. To relate without verbiage and padding all the salient points of Mr. Chamberlain's career so as to furnish at once a complete conspectus, and a useful key for those who want information in minutiae; that seems to have been the object of Mr. Wallace, and he has realised it admirably. The book is got up very prettily, quite wonderfully so, in binding, paper and type. A collection on a bookshelf would have a very attractive appearance. The portrait is excellent.

"Supplement to Nicholson's Dictionary of Gardening." Part I. London: Gill. 1900. 7s. 6d.

"Nicholson's Illustrated Dictionary of Gardening" has attained such a standard position that there is little need to say much more about its long-expected supplement than to chronicle the appearance of its first half, A to F. About twelve years have elapsed since the dictionary was finished, and a great many changes have occurred in that time; partly from the great bound that gardening of all kinds has made in the last decade, partly from the irritating changes of nomenclature made by the accepted authorities. So familiar a name as "Ampelopsis Veitchii," for example, now has to be sought for under the

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head of "Vitis inconstans." A dictionary naturally does not admit of sufficiently thick paper to do full justice to the illustrations. In general the drawings are very good. There is a beautifully coloured frontispiece of a Lælio-Cattleya orchid, Fanny Leon.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Prominent amongst the important books with the appearance of which the present publishing season will be brought to a close will be the "Memoirs of Lord Lilford" announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. Thomas Littleton the fourth Baron Lilford is most widely known as an ornithologist. He was a Fellow of the Zoological Society and President of the British Ornithologists' Union. He was a sportsman, a traveller, one who took keen interest in literature in politics and in society. He was ever open to new impressions always forming his conclusions in a spirit of independence as well as with sympathy, the latter accentuated by the affliction which crippled his physique when in the prime of life. The memoir which has been written by Lord Lilford's sister is prefaced by an eloquent note from the pen of the Bishop of London. In addition to a portrait there will be several illustrations by Thorburn and others. The work will be published on 14 December.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. promise on 10 December a volume of essays entitled "Domesticities: a Little Book of Household Impressions" by Mr. E. V. Lucas. The writer gossips for example on the making of toast. This, according to the essayist, is an art in which the mere man excels woman, and it affords perhaps the one example proving the rule of feminine excellence in matters culinary. The same firm have in the press a seventh and revised impression of Dr. Conan Doyle's book on the Boer war; and a second impression of "In the Ranks of the C.I.V." by "Driver" Erskine Childers. The first edition of the last-named book was sold before publication. "Wellington's Men," Dr. Fitchett's new book of soldier autobiographies will be ready on 18 December.

Many who listened to the Taylorian Lectures at Oxford in 1889-1899 and many who were denied that privilege will be glad to have these essays in permanent form. They have been collected and will be issued immediately by Mr. Henry Frowde under the title of "Studies in European Literature." Professor Dowden discusses "Literary Criticism in France." "Prosper Mérimée" is the subject dealt with by the late Mr. Pater. Other lecturers and their subjects are as follows:—W. M. Rossetti, "Leopardi;" F. W. Rolleston, "Lessing;" W. P. Ker, "Boccaccio;" H. Brown, "Paolo Sarpi;" C. H. Herford, "Goethe's Italian Journey;" H. Butler Clarke, "The Spanish Rogue Story (Novela de Picaros);" S. Mallarmé, "La Musique et les Lettres;" A. Morel-Fatio, "L'Espagne du Don Quixote;" P. Bourget, "Gustave Flaubert." The three last-named lectures are in French. The volume is one of about 350 pages. Mr. Frowde has also nearly ready a third and enlarged edition of Dr. W. Stubbs' lectures on modern history and a new and revised edition (uniform with the Oxford Poets Series) of the Rev. W. Garrett Horder's "Treasury of American Sacred Song." Mrs. Paget Toynbee is preparing for the Clarendon Press a new edition of "The Letters of Horace Walpole."

Next week Messrs. Blackwood will issue the late Sir John Mowbray's reminiscences of "Seventy Years of Westminster." The work, a large crown octavo volume, is edited by Sir John Mowbray's daughter and contains among other illustrations portraits of the last five Speakers of whom sketches are given. Sir John Mowbray was for twenty years chairman of committees. The office brought him into personal relations with all members. Special interest attaches to the references to Mr. Gully. "The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era" by Alexander Michie may be said to a certain extent to have been written around the career in the Far East of the late Sir Rutherford Alcock whose papers were given to the author by the diplomatist's relatives. Partly biographical and partly historical the work is written by one who was a contemporary of Sir Rutherford Alcock and one who writes from personal knowledge of affairs in China and Japan. Mr. Michie's conclusions as to the outcome of the present crux favour the nation whose policy has been most consistent—Russia. The despatches written by Sir Rutherford Alcock forty years ago are, it is stated, as applicable to affairs to-day as when they were drawn up, so intimately was the writer in touch with the trend of events. The work is in two volumes and the illustrations include some tailpieces drawn by the late Mr. George Chinnery who chose China as a field for the display of his genius in the domain of line illustration.

Some important revisions will characterise the new edition of Dr. J. G. Frazer's erudite work "The Golden Bough" which Messrs. Macmillan have nearly ready. These revisions have necessitated the inclusion in the new edition of a third volume.

In "The South African War 1899-1900," to be published immediately by Mr. John Murray, Major S. L. Norris, R.E., gives a military retrospect of the present war up to the relief of Ladysmith, and reviews the causes of the war historically.

(Continued on page xviii.)

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Messrs. Chapman and Hall have in preparation a work on British Army Reform by Theodor von Sosnosky. Determined that the "Fortnightly" shall not be found wanting when compared with the new publications that are to appear with the advent of the new century this firm are developing a series of new features for that well-known review.

A new novel of Antipodean adventure, "Tom Breachley," by Mr. Louis Becke, will be published in the spring by Mr. Unwin, who has also arranged with Miss Julia Crotte for a long work of fiction—"The Lost Land"—in which the author treats of life and character in a world-forgotten Cromwellian-Irish town during the Napoleonic wars. A new volume of essays in which Dr. Jessopp describes parochial and church life in pre-Reformation days is being prepared for publication by Mr. Unwin.

On 10 December Mr. George Allen will publish an elaborate work entitled "Turner and Ruskin: an exposition of the work of Turner with descriptive and critical passages from the writings of John Ruskin." This work will be in two imperial 4to. volumes and contain 87 reproductions in photogravure of the artist's greatest pictures and four portraits. The whole has been edited and arranged by Mr. Frederick Wedmore who supplies an autobiographical note on Turner. In addition to the ordinary edition of 750 copies there is to be an édition de luxe limited to 150 copies.

Mr. Swan Sonnenschein has in the press a second edition of De Maulde la Clavière's "Women of the Renaissance." Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have nearly ready Mr. F. T. Bullen's autobiography of his earlier days entitled "With Christ at Sea." Messrs. Constable announce "Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature" by Mr. Churton Collins and "Some Songs and Verses" by Mr. Wallace Stevenson. For the Unicorn Press Lady Gregory has edited a volume of "Ideals in Ireland," the contributors to which include Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Douglas Hyde, and Mr. George Moore. "The Shop: the Story of the Royal Military Academy" is the title of a book by Captain Guggisberg which Messrs. Cassell will issue immediately. Mr. John Long will publish shortly "Australia at the Front" a Colonial view of the Boer war by Frank Wilkinson.

We have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck a selection of excellent Christmas and New Year's cards; from Messrs. Faulkner and Co. a variety of very pretty calendars; and from Messrs. De La Rue and Messrs. John Walker and Co. an assortment of pocket books and diaries designed to meet the views of people of different tastes and different professions or occupations.

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